

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XLII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1927.

No. 11

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	439
THE QUESTION OF SEA LAW	442
LIBERALS AND NAVAL POLICY	443
THE COAL WAR IN AMERICA	444
INTERNATIONAL PROSTITUTION	445
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	446
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Mr. H. G. Wells and Democracy (H. G. Wells); Security and Disarmament (F. E. Pollard); The War Guilt Question (Chas. Wright, and Meyrick Booth); The Foundling Hospital Site (D. Halliday Macartney); Otters and Frogs (Arthur Heinemann)	448
OCCUPATIONS. By Philip Morrell	449
A CHRISTMAS ARGUMENT. By J. B. S. B.	450
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	451
HAM STREET, KENT. Poem by K. M. M. F.	453
THE LISTENING GHOST. Poem by Wilfrid Gibson	453
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— John Webster. By Leonard Woolf	454
REVIEWS:— Shelley. By George Saintsbury	456
Liberalism in Europe. By J. L. Hammond	456
Madame de Sévigné	458
The Crisis in the Church. By A. F.	460
The Letters of Van Gogh. By Roger Fry	460
Portraits and Places	462
Propaganda. By Kingsley Martin	462
NOVELS IN BRIEF	464
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE	464
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City	466

THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.

Editor: H. D. HENDERSON.

Telephone: Business Manager: Museum 5551.

Editorial: Museum 5552.

Telegrams: "Nationetta, Holb. London."

Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Council of the League of Nations has averted for the moment a Polish attack on Lithuania, which, as is now admitted, was imminent, but it has not solved the Polish-Lithuanian problem. In the French Press, only the papers that form M. Briand's chorus pretend that it has. As usual, the most frank and informing French article on the subject was that of "Pertinax," who, however much one may differ from his opinions, nearly always gets his facts right and faces them boldly, even when they are unpleasant to him. He is undoubtedly well informed about Polish policy, and may therefore be credited when he says that Marshal Pilsudski does not believe in an independent Lithuania and regards the ultimate absorption of that country by Poland as a certainty. That, in fact, has always been

Polish policy, and eminent Polish diplomats have frankly avowed it. If, says "Pertinax," "real peace" between Poland and Lithuania has not, in Marshal Pilsudski's opinion, been achieved within a certain time, "it is very possible that he will claim the right to consider himself in a state of legitimate defence, to march on Kovno . . . and to prepare the union of the two countries. It is in this spirit that he has just foregone the measures of force that he had contemplated." "Pertinax" fears, however, that Marshal Pilsudski may have miscalculated, and thinks that he made a mistake in accepting a formula in which the claim of Lithuania to Vilna is implicitly reserved.

"Lithuania will be defended by Berlin and Moscow against Poland, just as the Catholic Netherlands were defended by England and Holland against French absorption. And, in the name of Locarno, France, and England will clearly be forced to support that policy."

One would have thought that, Locarno apart, they have obligations under the Covenant to defend a member of the League against aggression; but, in any case, it is satisfactory to know that, in the opinion of "Pertinax," who would prefer it to be otherwise, France would at last consent to act against her Polish ally when the latter was plainly in the wrong, and that the acquiescence of the League of Nations in the seizure of Vilna would not be repeated.

* * *

Having disposed, for the time being, of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, the Council adjourned on Monday morning. Its record of work at this session is not very impressive. The Roumano-Hungarian issue has been again postponed, and the question of Albania has been carefully kept out of the hands of the League. The former matter may indeed be affected by a decision taken on another point—the trouble between Germany and Greece over the cruiser "Salamis." This was referred to the fourteen jurists attached to the Council, who in their report (adopted by the Council) emphasized

"the importance of the principle that the Council should not take any action which could be misinterpreted as an encroachment on the sphere of an international tribunal which has been duly seized of a question . . ."

and ruled that "the Council should not intervene in a question pending before another international organ, such as a mixed arbitral tribunal," unless both parties agree that it should. This ruling appears to reflect severely upon the course recommended by Sir Austen Chamberlain as *rapporteur* on the Roumano-Hungarian dispute, and it is rather surprising that the jurists' report was accepted by the Council.

* * *

The Parliamentary debates on the Prayer Book have one feature of peculiar interest: the Whips are off, and Members are free to express, in their speeches and their votes, their personal convictions. The result,

in the House of Lords, was a very good debate. Its tone was set by the Primate. He began by admitting the absolute legal and moral right of Parliament to reject the measure. He went on to urge that the real questions for Parliament were, first, whether the measure fairly represented the wishes of the Church as expressed through its constitutional organs, and, secondly, whether it involved any change in the doctrine of the Church so fundamental as to render it no longer representative of the religious life of the country and destroy the pact entered into at the Reformation. In the debate which followed, the opposition came mostly from the extreme Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic schools, and Lord Gorell probably expressed the opinion of a good many people in saying that a measure attacked on one side for going too far, and on the other for not going far enough, came, for that very reason, with a strong recommendation to the average Churchman. Two very able, moderate, and sincere speeches, for and against the Bill, by the Bishops of Chelmsford and Worcester—members of the same Evangelical group—provided, in conjunction, a strong argument for greater flexibility of usage and interpretation.

The most vigorous speech in the Lords' debate was delivered by the Bishop of Durham, who defended his remark at the Church Assembly, that "the Protestant underworld is deeply stirred," by quoting from some of the pamphlets issued against the new Book. In one of them, he said, there were references to "the silly Archbishop of Canterbury," and "the pompous, swelled-headed Archbishop of York." "Here," said the Bishop, "is a resuscitation of the famous, scurrilous *mar-Prelate* tracts. They are blasphemous and gross." In the end, the House of Lords approved the new Prayer Book by 241 votes to 88, an unexpectedly large majority, since those peers who rarely attend the House would more likely be stirred to that unaccustomed activity by fierce opposition than by mild approval of the measure. We go to press before the decision of the House of Commons has been given, but it is clear that all three Parties are divided on the question, and a narrower majority than that given in the Upper House is anticipated. The spectacle of Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Mr. Bridgeman in opposition to each other will provide entertainment for those who are not too deeply stirred to be amused.

Two speeches on financial policy which have been delivered during the past week are worthy of some notice. The first was Mr. Snowden's long-awaited declaration on the subject of the Labour surtax, in a speech in Lancashire last Saturday. Mr. Snowden declared that "the idea of a tax on property, the idea of this surtax, is, like that of the capital levy, fundamentally sound." But he made it clear that he has small regard for the Labour Party Executive's attempt to work out this "idea." He pointed out that it is absurd for a party conference to attempt to "go into details."

"They cannot form a scheme. They can give general instructions as to the principles that should be observed, but no party conference can make a Budget. Nobody but a Chancellor of the Exchequer can make a Budget."

He stated his opinion that "a surtax of 2s. in the pound on personal income from investments would not be likely to realize anything approaching the figure which has been mentioned." Note the word "personal" in this sentence. It is the key word. It implies a repudiation by Mr. Snowden of the idea of applying the surtax to company reserves. This matter is of

considerable importance since it is common ground that the £85 millions claim assumes £22 millions from company reserves. Finally Mr. Snowden insisted that "there is no need at all for a surtax, nor for any special form of taxation, except for the purposes of debt reduction." Mr. Snowden's speech was, of course, far from congenial to Labour propagandists. The Parliamentary Labour Party has dealt with the situation in a characteristic way. It has re-elected Mr. Snowden, at the head of the poll, to the Executive; and it has passed a resolution instructing the Executive "to take immediate steps to have the Party's surtax proposal energetically put before the country."

The other speech to which we have referred was that of Lord Grey of Fallodon on Wednesday at Newcastle. We have always found it very difficult to understand the position of those Liberals who use extravagant and indiscriminating language about the importance of "economy" which they interpret as a drastic reduction in the volume of national expenditure, and yet disclaim, when challenged, any desire to interfere with the social services or with productive expenditure. And we find this position still harder to understand after reading Lord Grey's speech. In his conclusion, Lord Grey declared that national economy

"was a matter in which the Liberal Party clearly stood between the Conservative Government's position and that of the Labour Party. . . . There was a position vacant for any party that would stand, as he believed the Liberal Party could, for a policy combining full sympathy with the social services and their purposes with wisdom in handling national finance."

Now this is wise and true. We have frequently pointed out ourselves that the Liberal Party necessarily stands *between* Labour and the Tories in this matter, and we have drawn the moral that it is both insincere and dangerous for Liberals to talk as though they were more anxious than the Tories to reduce the income tax at any cost. But this is just the suggestion that we find running through all the rest of Lord Grey's speech. We find him saying, for example:—

"The present Government have been completely foiled in all their efforts to reduce expenditure. Other Governments may say the same as this Government—that it has tried and simply cannot do it. The answer of the country to this and any other Government must be, 'You say you cannot; we say that you must.' It will be very unpopular, but every Government is bound to be unpopular, and it might be better to encounter unpopularity for doing a beneficent thing to the country than for persisting in a policy that it knows is harmful."

This is all very curious. What has happened to the "full sympathy with the social services"? And how can the "country" make an "unpopular" demand? Is the "country" a different entity in Lord Grey's mind from the electorate?

We find it the harder to understand the Liberal Council attitude because in the one sphere where, as is common Liberal ground, economies are practicable and desirable, they seem on the whole less anxious for them than other sections of Liberals. Mr. Runciman, for example, has indicated that we must be very careful not to overdo reductions in the Navy. Lord Grey did not speak as though he would like to do very much in this direction. And we observe that the *WESTMINSTER GAZETTE* last week, in an alarmist article about our defencelessness against air attack, urged the need for an air force "at least sufficient to equal the establishment of the strongest Power within striking distance," adding, of course, "and this would seem to be elementary economy too." But, if economy in armaments is to be interpreted in this fashion (which is not one that

we endorse), if rates are to be relieved, and the social services are not to be interfered with, it is not easy to see how that drastic reduction in the total volume of national expenditure is to be obtained. We repeat our firm conviction that it is thoroughly bad policy for Liberals to encourage such illusions, which come back like boomerangs in almost every debate, like that on the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

* * *

The Audit Bill which was read a third time in the House of Commons this week is one of those measures which give no satisfaction to anyone because they are designed to remove a symptom of disorder in our social arrangements instead of tackling the cause. The effect of this particular measure will be to deprive any councillor surcharged over £500 by the district auditor of the right to serve again upon a Council for five years. To be fined £500 and banished from public life are heavy penalties to impose for the offence of disagreeing with a district auditor as to what is a reasonable wage for a worker. On the other hand, as Mr. Chamberlain would retort, it is a serious public scandal when Boards of Guardians deliberately adopt a policy such as that of Poplar. The truth is that the whole system of poor relief needs drastic revision. Meanwhile, Bills such as this, which, as the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health admitted, is only intended to strike at some six local authorities, give an impression of vindictiveness and are of little real use.

* * *

The American naval programme has been submitted to Congress by Mr. Wilbur, Secretary for the Navy. It agrees substantially with the forecast which had caused something of a sensation in America two days earlier. The proposals call for the construction of twenty-five cruisers, nine destroyer leaders, thirty-two submarines, and five aircraft carriers. This is a five-years' programme, and the estimated cost is about 400 millions sterling. It is not clear whether the elevation of guns in American battleships is also contemplated. Mr. Wilbur is an advocate of the largest Navy, so that the expansionists could depend upon his acceptance of their total scheme. It is interesting that Mr. T. Butler, chairman of the naval affairs committee in the House, should have come out, just before the publication of the programme, with a plea for a reasonable measure in order to reduce the risks of international competition. The President, it is stated, would give his authority to suspend construction in the event of another international conference being called—in the present circumstances a rather curious example of Mr. Coolidge's method. The only really important point about such a programme is the question whether it will, by its mere existence on paper, impede an agreement on limitation at a later date.

* * *

It may certainly tend to do so. The question whether gun elevation is a breach, in letter or in spirit, of the Washington Treaty is an extremely technical point, which it would be highly injudicious for the British Government to press at the present juncture; the effect of the American cruiser programme on the prospects of limitation is a more serious matter. President Coolidge has stated that, with or without agreement, the American cruiser force must be expanded; and it is highly probable that the group of Congressmen and Senators who have worked so hard to obtain a substantial increase in the American Navy will argue that limitation can only mean, to the United States, an undertaking that the present programme will not be exceeded. There will, however, be other influences at work. It takes time to build twenty-five 10,000-ton

cruisers, and the American shipbuilding yards are not well equipped for rapid construction. It is at least possible that the programme will not be complete under something like eight years. Nor will the money for it be voted in a lump sum. Every year Congress will be invited to pass the building appropriations for the next twelve months; and the discussions will be swayed by what is being done elsewhere. Any big advance towards a solution of the disarmament problem is certain to awaken a reluctance in the United States to sanction further expenditure. The most dangerous feature in the situation is the complacency with which people like Mr. Bridgeman continue to regard the breakdown at Geneva. This also will have its reactions in the States.

* * *

Recent news shows that the coup at Canton was more than a change of local commanders; it was a serious popular upheaval. The regular military were expelled from the city by an armed rising of thousands from the lowest strata of the populace, who were joined at the last moment by hordes of half-armed peasants, which swept into the town. The looting and arson have been extremely serious; huge fires have been started in the residential parts of the city; the jails have been opened, and the regular police murdered out of hand.

* * *

The movement is significant for one reason: the peasants have joined in. Hitherto we have heard vaguely of bands of villagers who have tried to protect their crops against the soldiery. Never before have we heard of the afflicted millions who till the soil of China showing any interest or concern in what was happening in the towns. They have treated the Young China policy, and all that it stands for, with the same indifference that the leaders of Young China have treated them. For the first time since the civil war began a few thousand peasants have left their paddy fields and marched on a big town with flails, pitchforks, and scythes in their hands. It would be very short-sighted to explain this by reference to the peasants' unions founded by the Kuomintang. Such unions may exist; but peasants only unite in arms, when their sufferings have become unbearable; and we may take it that the march of the peasants upon Canton is a warning from the Chinese countryside, that the endurance of the peasants is breaking down, and that those who have been robbed of the little they possess, may compensate themselves by the loot of the nearest town.

* * *

There is a decided split in the ranks of the Indian Moslems on the question of the Simon Commission. At a meeting of the council of the Moslem League the election of Sir Mahomed Shafi to the chairmanship was confirmed, against the protest of the radical section which condemned him because of his hostility to boycotting the Commission. But this section secured the removal of the winter conference from Lahore to Calcutta, the change being pressed by the radical Moslems because their leader in Bengal, Sir Abdur Rahim, is a determined advocate of boycott and they are relying upon him to swing the conference. But the Moslem majority is evidently in favour of co-operation with the Commission. The Indian National Congress will uphold the boycott position, but Mr. Patel, President of the All-India Legislative Assembly and formerly a leading member of the Swarajist National Congress, has announced that he has no intention of vacating his official position. In Bombay merchants and political leaders are on opposite sides. The former are appealing for a truce with the Government.

THE QUESTION OF SEA LAW

BRITISH public opinion needs to take much more seriously than it has as yet done the situation created by the failure of the Coolidge Conference on Naval Disarmament, and the repercussions of that failure on Anglo-American relations. For that situation is very serious indeed. American opinion, excessively prone at all times to be suspicious of British policy, has been rendered immeasurably more suspicious by the bungling of the Conference, and the revelations which have followed. Every discerning Englishman, who returns just now from the United States, records his impression of a new atmosphere of truculent resentment; and it makes matters no better, but considerably worse, that the resentment—if not the truculence—is widely reciprocated here. The prevailing mood in the United States can be read clearly enough in the lines, and between the lines, of last week's Presidential address. "We were granted much co-operation by Japan," Mr. Coolidge informed Congress, "but we were unable to come to an agreement with Great Britain." We might, of course, retort in similar terms. But we shall do better to mark the aggrieved state of mind which underlies that most uncordial sentence, and to reckon with its formidable implications.

This atmosphere would be a serious matter even if there were no reason to fear that any practical harm would result. But unfortunately this is not the case. It is not only that we must now expect the United States to embark on a large cruiser programme. It is not only that we cannot feel confident, despite Ministerial assurances, that this will not react on our own cruiser programme. It is not only that the process of building cruisers, whether on one side or on both, will serve to intensify yet further mutual resentment and suspicion. Behind all such considerations, there lies an issue of capital importance. The Washington Convention runs only for four years more. It must come up for reconsideration in 1931. What will happen then? Will the Powers concerned renew the Convention, and perhaps improve on it by agreeing to reduce the size of battleships, as Great Britain is anxious to do? Or will there be another failure, leading to an outbreak of competitive *battleship* building? There is no need to stress the importance of this issue. Failure to renew the Washington Convention would mean the virtual end of every hope of establishing peace upon an assured foundation. Yet failure is by no means unlikely if the interval is marked by the multiplication of cruisers, the deepening of suspicion, perhaps even by a propaganda of ill-will.

Is there nothing that we can do to arrest this fatal drift? Unquestionably there is something that we might do. At the root of Anglo-American differences there lies the question of sea law in time of war. At present, there are wide differences of opinion as to the rights of a belligerent to interfere with neutral commerce; and very serious friction arose with the United States in the early years of the late war over the rights which we claimed, and the way in which we exercised them. To us the Americans seemed exasperatingly small-minded in badgering us, when we were fighting for our existence, with the miserable commercial

grievances of this citizen of Boston or that citizen of Chicago. To the Americans, we seemed to be exploiting the fact that American opinion was prevailingly pro-Ally, and therefore unwilling to press its protests to the last extremity, so as to prejudice neutral rights, which represented in their eyes an important principle. This experience bit more deeply into the American consciousness than we perhaps realize, and explains many subsequent Anglo-American misunderstandings. British spokesmen, for example, plead at Geneva for a liberal allowance of small six-inch gun cruisers, arguing quite sincerely that such vessels are defensive, not aggressive. They have in mind the distinction between cruisers which form part of a battle-fleet and those which do not. To the American, on the other hand, the suggestion that cruisers, which are quite capable of seizing merchant-ships, are essentially defensive is flagrant humbug.

But that is not all. In an able article in *TIME AND TIDE*, of December 9th, Mr. Leonard Stein quotes certain passages from Mr. Gibson's concluding speech at the Coolidge Conference, and draws the following conclusion:—

"Reading between the lines, it is fairly clear that what lay behind American obstinacy on the question of the eight-inch guns was—at least in large measure—a fixed determination to challenge, in any future war at sea, the unlimited interference with neutral commerce, which was an essential feature of the British blockade of Germany."

This does not, in our opinion, overstate the case. If ever again we attempt to exercise belligerent rights at sea, whether in execution of the Covenant or otherwise, we shall have to reckon with that "fixed determination," to which Mr. Stein refers. It would seem wiser on every ground to reckon with it in advance of any such contingency, by coming to a clear agreement with the United States and other Powers on the definition of sea law.

Any such agreement must mean, of course, in a large degree the abandonment of British contentions. The interpretation of sea law which we favour is one which puts the rights of belligerents as high as possible. In objecting to this interpretation, the United States has the rest of the world on her side. Unless, therefore, we are ready to waive many of our traditional claims, it would be useless, and worse than useless, to open up the question. Hitherto we have been most reluctant to contemplate waiving any of our claims. This reluctance has, indeed, been a marked feature of British policy during recent years. It was manifest in our insistence in October, 1918, that the Allies, in accepting President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," should expressly reserve the question of "the freedom of the seas." It is manifest in our unwillingness to sign the so-called Optional Clause. It has become an accepted dogma that the maintenance of the sea rights of belligerents at their maximum is vital to the security of Britain. This dogma is firmly entrenched in the Admiralty, so much so that last month Lord Webster Wemyss, representing, as Lord Haldane fairly said, "the regular point of view of the Admiralty," proposed to sweep away all existing restraints on the sea rights of belligerents by denouncing the Declaration of Paris.

Now is this dogma really sound? At least, we should examine it. It would surely be a pity to let our relations with America go to the devil, on the strength of this dogma, unless we are quite sure that it is sound. And the moment we proceed to examine this dogma, instead of taking it for granted, it is amazing how doubtful it becomes. The impression is widespread that the late war was a triumphant demonstration of its truth. Was not Germany brought to her knees in the end by the economic pressure resulting from our blockade? Well, no doubt, it is true that we gained more by blockading Germany than we lost through submarine attacks on our own commerce; though this is much less certain than is generally assumed. The power of a belligerent State to obtain supplies from abroad depends not only on its physical ability to import; but on its financial resources—the supplies of foreign currency which it can command or borrow. We, with much larger resources of this kind than the Central Powers, were dangerously near the end of them, when America entered the war and solved that problem for us. Our blockade saved Germany from similar difficulties. It is really not quite certain that if our blockade of Germany had been considerably less strict, the economic pressure on her, though it would have come by a different road, would have been much less severe in the end.

But, however that may be, how near a thing it was that the blockade hurt Germany more than the submarine hurt us! Just a slight change in the relative effectiveness of submarine attack and anti-submarine measures, and the weapon of economic pressure would have been turned against us. Is not this a warning? If we are the strongest naval Power in Europe, we are also the people which is easily the most dependent on uninterrupted supplies from overseas. If we have the most to lose in the former capacity from a restriction of belligerent rights, in the latter capacity we have by far the most to gain. Whether we stand to gain or lose on balance depends on the technical conditions of the time, which change, as all history shows, with extreme rapidity, and which, as the portent of the submarine suggests, are changing now in a way which diminishes the importance of what we stand to lose and enhances the importance of what we stand to gain.

But that is not all. There is a big difference in kind between what we stand to lose and what we stand to gain. We stand to lose in the power to exert economic pressure on other peoples—a weapon of offence, and, if it ever operates effectively, a very cruel one. We stand to gain in the security of our own people from starvation. Is not this latter object one which we should rate higher than the former, even from a narrowly self-interested standpoint? Should we not give it at least the benefit of any technical doubt? But the point is of importance from a wider point of view. We cannot expect either the Continent or the United States to accept at their face-value our assurances of the essentially peaceful nature of our naval power, so long as we insist so anxiously on maintaining our full power to damage other peoples.

But that, again, is not all. The belligerent rights

which an international agreement on sea law would take from us are disputed rights, which it will be most perilous for us to attempt again to exercise. We come back to that "fixed determination" of the United States. It is really not practical politics to imagine that we can continue to act on an interpretation of sea law which no one else accepts. We are no longer living in the nineteenth century. We, like other nations, must take account of the opinion of the world.

We agree, therefore, with those who urge that Great Britain should be ready to modify her traditional attitude upon sea law, and that a British initiative upon this question would be the best means of retrieving the failure of the Coolidge Conference. The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN has rendered an invaluable service by advocating this policy in a series of temperate and convincing articles. We print below a resolution passed this week by the Liberal Candidates' Association, with every word of which we agree, which shows that Liberal opinion generally is setting strongly in this direction. In the Labour Party, Commander Kenworthy has made several very able speeches, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has indicated his sense of the importance of the question. Can we hope to see a general mobilization of progressive opinion upon this issue? The general but vague feeling in favour of disarmament could be directed into no better channel.

LIBERALS AND NAVAL POLICY

[The following is the resolution, referred to in the preceding article, passed this week by the Liberal and Radical Candidates' Association, on the motion of Lt.-Comdr. Fletcher.—Ed., NATION.]

THE Liberal and Radical Candidates' Association having taken into careful consideration the failure of the Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva and the proceedings of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations, is of opinion that it is in the direction of a reduction of naval armaments that this country can most usefully give a lead.

"It is further of opinion that such a reduction of naval armaments must be the fruits of a successful foreign policy directed to that end, rather than of an *ad hoc* Conference.

"For these reasons, while welcoming the decision of the Government to delay the building of two cruisers, the Association calls upon the British Government to consult with the Dominion Governments with a view to signing the Optional Clause of the statute of the Permanent Court, while reserving certain questions arising out of maritime law in time of war.

"Further believing that matters of maritime law form the most serious obstacle to an agreement between the United States of America and Great Britain (and bearing in mind how potent a factor for peace such an agreement would be), the Association urges upon the British Government the prime necessity of commencing immediately, through diplomatic channels, the full and frank examination with the United States of such matters in the hope that agreements may be reached which will ensure that the failure of the Geneva Conference is not followed by another failure when the results of the Washington Conference of 1921 are re-examined in 1931."

THE COAL WAR IN AMERICA

"SOME parts of industry have lagged," says President Coolidge. These six words comprise the only reference to the present state of the less fortunate provinces of the American industrial world that appears in the long cabled summaries of the "prosperity" Message that was delivered to Congress on December 6th. Prosperity, even American prosperity, is a relative term. The American public is not unaware that certain leading industries in the United States have for years been passing through ruinous difficulties. But it is deemed proper for the President in his annual Message to omit even such colourless references to a grave economic condition as with us would find a place in the King's Speech. Moreover, there is a noteworthy difference between the practice of British and American newspapers in the treatment of industrial affairs. In our country, which is small, a great strike is the first news of the day—sometimes for a month, or even half a year. In the United States, roughly speaking, a strike is not national news. In the Press of the great centres it is not as a rule "played up," so that it is not unusual for the American people as a whole to be meagrely informed upon events of sensational importance occurring in their own country. This remark, I think, may be applied with some emphasis to the war now being waged in the coalfields of the United States.

It would be accurate to say that since 1919 the American coal industry, while far more violently disturbed than ours, has exhibited certain features with which we are sufficiently familiar. Over-production, for instance, has been a permanent fact, and the refusal of the mine-owners to continue wage agreements has led to prolonged stoppages. But we in Britain have been happily free from the major *casus belli* in America, namely, the concerted attack by the owners upon the miners' unions and the extreme ruthlessness of the methods of warfare adopted for the purpose of forcing the whole of the bituminous fields into acceptance of the principle of the open shop, which in newspapers and on platforms is not seldom raised to the dignity of "the American Plan." In regard to this matter of unionism the American coal industry exhibits a striking dichotomy. The anthracite fields, upon which the myriad domestic furnaces of the country have depended in the past, are geographically a unit, and are almost completely unionized. The bituminous mines, scattered over many States between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, present an unlimited diversity of conditions. Many of the soft-coal fields have never been conquered by the United Mine Workers, which is the representative union of the industry. Some of the mining counties, especially in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, have for decades been defended against the unions and their organizers as against a besieging army. And during the contests of the past eight years large areas have been violently wrested by the companies from the United Mine Workers. By far the larger part of the bituminous coal that is being mined to-day in the United States is produced by non-union labour, and under a system of unmitigated industrial feudalism, the characteristics of which afford a fascinating, if horrible, subject of study.

The great anthracite region has been subject to an uneasy peace since the close of a six-months' strike which was brought to an end in March, 1926. Early in the present year a strike began over the bituminous fields in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other States. This was not a strike on a national scale, for the unionized miners are in a decided minority of the whole. The outlook for the men was miserable from the beginning, but the struggle was unexpectedly obstinate, and it was continued

in Ohio and several other States after tens of thousands of miners in Illinois and elsewhere had secured terms which in the circumstances were quite favourable. There was no settlement in Ohio and Pennsylvania where the companies have been engaged in a merciless campaign against the unions, making use alike, as a leading New York weekly says, of legal injunctions, evictions, and gunmen.

The Pittsburgh district is at present the scene of the fiercest fighting, and for English observers its most interesting aspect is shown by the daring of the federal judges in extending the scope of court injunctions against the union and the individual striker. A wages agreement made in 1924 between the owners and the United Mine Workers was denounced in the following year by a leading coal company in the Pittsburgh area. In the spring of this year the company broke with the United Mine Workers. Its example was followed by other concerns, and the ensuing happenings seemed to show that the owners had resolved upon a fight to the limit with the union. They brought up many thousands of miners from States further South, and entered upon a plan of wholesale eviction for the two-fold purpose of getting rid of the strikers and making room for the strike-breakers in the company houses. They are enabled to shelter themselves behind a surprising series of judicial rulings. A certain Judge Schoonmaker, whose court has jurisdiction over a large part of the Western Pennsylvania coalfield, has produced a comprehensive scheme of injunctions which will certainly make his name notorious in American law-books. He has pronounced against a very large number of common actions, including the calling of names and "the doing of any act interfering with the operation of the plaintiff's mines"; and further, against "disbursing any funds for any further appeal bonds, attorneys' services, court costs, or otherwise" on behalf of miners evicted from the company's houses. This remarkable judge would appear to have thought, in framing his injunction, of everything that miners on strike or miners being evicted from their homes, or their advisers and sympathizers, might be driven to do. The explanation, however, is not to be sought in the judge's foresight. It is found in the activities of that invisible ruler of the United States, the omnipotent corporation counsel. Judge Schoonmaker had only to fall back upon a draft injunction provided by the plaintiff company's lawyer. He did so, we are informed, adopting all its essential points. Perhaps the most curious thing about this business of fighting trade unions by means of court injunctions is its alleged basis in constitutional law. The theory is that coalmining is an inter-State business, necessarily affected by labour disputes. A trade union conducting a strike is therefore an association operative "in restraint of trade," and hence is liable to prosecution under the terms of the celebrated Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Such a demonstration would seem to imply that the anti-Labour mind of America is capable of refinements of logic going far beyond the dreams of those who in England devised the Osborne and Taff Vale Judgments.

It is manifest that a miners' union confronted by so unrestricted a legal power as is here revealed is fighting for its very existence, and, as we should expect, the United Mine Workers has appealed to the American Federation of Labour, with which it is affiliated, in the hope of mobilizing the whole strength of the Labour movement in defence of the miners' right to combine. It is plain enough that the Federation of Labour must throw its full weight on the side of the United Mine Workers. But even if they should be able to resist the courts, they must still be hopelessly at a disadvantage in the struggle, for the mine-owners of Pennsylvania and other coal-producing States command a

system of social pressure such as England has not known since the first age of industrialism. The entire region, with its institutions, is controlled by the companies. They own the houses, stores, and street-cars; they own the police and the law-courts; in no small degree they own the schools and churches. In the Pittsburgh district during the present disturbances the companies have created a large body of deputy-sheriffs, which we should call special constables. They have expanded the force of armed mine-guards, known as the Coal and Iron Police, who, like the deputy-sheriffs, are commissioned by the State, although their wages are paid by the mining companies. Both these bodies, together with the State Constabulary, are heavily armed, and the tradition of violence that belongs to all the mine-fields of America makes it inevitable that the strike should be accompanied all through by shooting, clubbing, and raiding, while the terror of eviction for some thousands of families in the depth of a winter of Arctic severity is added to the miseries of industrial warfare. Nor are these conditions confined to the coal districts of Pennsylvania. They may be correctly described as chronic in the adjoining State of West Virginia, and for the past two months a similar campaign of violence has been going forward fifteen hundred miles further West, where the revolutionary Industrial Workers of the World are arrayed against the great Rockefeller interests in the coal-fields of Colorado.

It is an extraordinary, an indescribable situation. We, who have our own distressing coal problem to grapple with, may note that the United States, while free from the anxiety of shrinking world markets, has a far more harassing and dangerous situation to face in the racial complexity of her mining population, the common practice of violence, and the exceeding fury of the coal companies against not only the claims but the fact of trade unionism. One plain moral at any rate may be drawn from the present war in the American coal-fields. A great Republic with a political basis of equal rights cannot remove its industrial troubles by permitting its employing class to make use of the services of pliant officers of the law, with the unlimited assistance of irregular armed forces.

INTERNATIONAL PROSTITUTION

PART II. of the Report of the Expert Committee on the Traffic in Women and Children, now published, presents the evidence in some detail upon which the conclusions and recommendations in Part I. were based. When earlier in the year we commented on that Part we expressed the hope (and belief), fortunately justified by the event, that the delay in the publication of the second Part was due to a natural desire on the part of the Committee to receive the criticisms or confirmation of the facts recorded from the various States concerned.

We now have the facts as collected by the Committee, the replies from certain States, and where necessary a further examination of those replies by the Committee. The first point that emerges is that here on an almost world-wide scale the conscience of society is on the defensive. With one exception, which will be discussed below, the nations, no longer able to take for granted or to pass by in silence the rank offence which "smells to heaven," have been called upon to justify themselves, not only at the bar of the world, but to their own uneasy hearts. One of the worst horrors of this affair has through the ages been the smug way in which men, and, above all, male rulers of women, have accepted prostitution as an inevitable feature of society, and faced by this abominable proof of the survival of the beast in us, have blandly described "as human nature" what is natural only in the ape.

It is too early to say that that attitude has been finally driven to the earth, in which it originates, but it has at least received a rude shock. With the exception of Italy no nation has sought openly even to defend the system of licensed houses. In accents, almost falteringly eager, country after country seeks to modify or to refute what it happily is driven by the mere publication of the Report to regard as an attack on its good fame. In a number of cases States are able to prove that the Committee have made a mistake in their facts, in most cases they have attacked evidence based on information obtained from souteneurs and madames, who are *ex hypothesi* liars. On the whole, it may be stated that the replies, though they make corrections in detail, do not appear to disturb the general picture presented by the Committee in Part I. of the Report. But even where they can convict the Committee of some slip, the fervent nature of the reply indicates with what anxiety States have been driven to examine their consciences. Light has indeed flooded into the dark places of the earth, and of the soul—a cold, un-sentimental, remorseless beam, like the searchlight of a destroyer falling upon the black bows of a pirate.

Excessive optimism should be discouraged, but the second important point that emerges is not only that States have been compelled to investigate, and if possible to justify themselves, but that in some cases they have anticipated further criticism by action. There is, on the one hand, the instance of Roumania which, greatly disturbed by what it justly regards as a serious indictment, in the course of a strong reply indicates that its Government is profoundly alive to the evils of this system, and that its conditions have been misrepresented. We have not the material to judge between Roumania and the Committee. The latter, indeed, admit that the original text of Part I. (not before us) was liable to misunderstanding, and was corrected in accordance with Roumanian representation. It is further certain that here, as everywhere, some of the information supplied by the underworld was likely to be of dubious value, though the Committee have attempted to discount this in advance. But what remains true is that Roumania has seriously probed the matter again. It is possible that this was not necessary; it is conceivable that this might have been done in any case: the fact remains that it was done as the direct result of the Committee's Report.

As an example of action taken either as a result of or contemporaneously with the Report of the Committee, we have the highly satisfactory replies of the Governments of Germany, Poland, and Uruguay. The German Government draw attention to the law of February 18th, 1927, which came into force on October 1st of this year, which:

- (a) makes the keeping of a brothel or a similar establishment a punishable offence, as constituting procuration;
- (b) prohibits the assignment of streets in certain quarters for the practice of prostitution.

The Polish Government indicates that by a Presidential Decree of July 29th, 1927, very strong action has been taken against the traffic in all its aspects, and particular attention is drawn to the institution of a women's police force (that safeguard for helpless women, which formed the target of so much 100 per cent. he-man wit in this country). Poland, indeed, deserves the congratulations tendered to it by the Committee. Finally, there is the important case of Uruguay (one of the receiving countries) which on March 27th of this year enacted a stringent law in this matter.

All this is to the good, but let no one think that the fight is over, or indeed is more than begun. On the other side is not only the certainty that, with the best will in

the world, the struggle must be fought inch by inch year by year, but there is the attitude embodied, with considerable courage, in the Italian reply. Let it be said in the first place that the Report does not indicate that conditions in Italy are particularly bad; indeed it would have been contrary to what we know of the Italian character if they had been shown to be so. But the third point of importance that emerges is that the Italian reply states bluntly: "The law certainly does not consider prostitution deserving of legal protection, but it does face the truth and recognize the impossibility of abolishing, by act of law, a natural and social phenomenon resulting from very various and complex causes, which cannot be eliminated or in some cases even mitigated." That is at least courageous, and Italy can afford to say it, since on the whole its record is not bad, and it has, if not attempted to abolish, at least vigorously controlled what it states to be "a natural and social phenomenon." But the importance of this declaration is that Italy has dared to say out loud what other States with less courage may reasonably be guessed to have whispered under their breath. Even if the Italian pessimism were justified, it would still be true that what the Committee has done has tended to strike at what is curable. But all those who will not accept that realist conception, while grateful to Italy for having stated it in the open, will believe that, once there, it can be attacked and overthrown.

There remain the cases of the two States—the U.S.A. and Great Britain—which emerge with comparatively clean hands. The world owes much in this matter to these two States, since America has supplied the Chairman of the Committee in Dr. Snow and Great Britain the brilliant Secretary in Dame Rachel Crowdy. But even so, neither of these countries can be permitted to assume a Pharisaical attitude of self-satisfaction. The United States have an elaborate system; they have thought the matter out honestly and in painstaking detail. But inhuman nature being what it is, unceasing vigilance in administration will be urgently necessary in the future as in the past. Great Britain too, if there are no licensed houses, if the law is severe, if the traffic is almost negligible, is still faced with a terrible domestic problem. No one who has walked through Coventry Street either by night or day can afford to congratulate this country. The tragedy is there as certainly as when Blake wrote:—

"The cry of the whore in London street
Will be old England's winding-sheet."

That cry is not stilled in Great Britain nor anywhere else in the world. It remains the duty of all good men and women to follow the precepts of the Committee in Part I., and it remains urgently necessary that this Committee, or something akin to it, should become a permanent feature of League of Nations administration. For thus and thus only can the light continue to pour in, and to spur the world on to further efforts. But at least as a result of the Committee's work it can be said that, if the cry continues, it has now been heard as loud as the trumpets outside the walls of Jericho. And the walls have begun to tremble.

LIFE AND POLITICS

AS this is written the Revised Prayer Book is still awaiting its fate in the House of Lords. The whole controversy is thoroughly interesting. It is welcomed by politicians as a sort of holiday from party warfare. It is difficult to remember any issue on which the parties have been so completely and so refreshingly divided—the front benches as much as any. It is a sort of general *mêlée* which any knight can join in, against his feudal lord if he

pleases. I do not know whether the altogether unexpected interest that has been roused in the two Houses is due to the keenness to make the best use of this transitory freedom of the party man, or whether it is due to the curious fascination any general subject, remote from the legislative routine, has upon Members of Parliament. I am writing before the event in the House of Commons, which, by the way, does not altogether enjoy taking the second bite after the Lords. It will surprise me if the Bill comes to grief, for while one hears a thousand and one opinions about the Book, wise and otherwise, the prevailing feeling among the detached, that is the great majority, is that as after all the Church seems to want it, the Church should have it. The days of theological fury in the House of Commons are a memory of a memory. As a piece of gossip, I may repeat the belief of some that there are Tories who will oppose the Bill merely as a *quid pro quo* for the Archbishop. The idea is that these Tories still resent one of the finest acts of the Archbishop's career—his appeal to reason and humanity in the general strike. They would normally be content to leave the Church to look after her own concerns, but only so long as the Church does not venture to "meddle in politics," as they would put it, or to apply Christianity, as others might say. Few Free Church members like the new Book, but they have had no clear guidance from organized Nonconformity outside, and as everyone knows the Free Churches are also divided, or undecided at any rate. I record with some sympathy the declaration of a Liberal member who says he will vote against the new Prayer Book as a protest against tampering with a noble classic of literature.

* * *

The Labour Party seems to be at sixes and sevens over the surtax, as it is notoriously over the Indian Commission. (A pretty controversy is raging on this last subject in the I.L.P. Press, where Mr. MacDonald is being called an Imperialist by our native Swarajists *à la outrance*.) On the surtax the various sections of the party are counting their chickens before they are hatched, and counting them differently, while there are also differences as to who will get them to eat, when cooked. Are they to go into the maw of the National Debt, or are they to supply free meals for the poor (compulsorily provided by the rich)? Mr. Snowden has at last responded to the requests for a ruling. He corrects the economic amateurs of the Blackpool Conference with a certain acidulated impatience, much in the manner of a lecturer telling students to put it down in their notebooks, and ask no questions. He can hardly disguise his scorn for the optimistic calculators who work the sum up to eighty-five millions, and I imagine that most economic realists will approve of his caution. As to what should be done with the money, the difference between himself and Mr. MacDonald seems to be fundamental. Mr. MacDonald's generous vision of the transference of masses of wealth from the rich to those "large human social services" is altogether too amateurish for this purist in finance. Such enthusiasm as he has for the surtax, and it is not excessive, is excited by the possibility of using it to reduce the National Debt, and he would probably agree in private that the prospect of doing anything very effective by that means is not very bright. Mr. Snowden approves of the surtax, but his approval is not easy to distinguish from damning with faint praise. In his general argument he undoubtedly has the instructed economists in the party on his side.

* * *

While listening the other day to the speeches at the League of Nations Union Conference at the Guildhall, I was struck once more by the curiously close parallel between the position about armaments and the position about

tariffs. Everyone, even the militarists, hate, or profess to hate, armaments, and everyone knows quite well the tragedy towards which the competition is leading. Every country wants to disarm, but who is going to make a start? There is no answer whatever to this question, except to say that no country has the slightest intention of being the pioneer. Similarly with tariffs. Everybody, even Protectionists, deplore the tariff war, and admit that Europe cannot recover while it is going on, but who is going to begin by cutting down or abolishing their tariffs? Again the answer is—no one. At disarmament conferences and economic conferences alike one is left with a completely pessimistic and negative conclusion. With regard to tariffs in particular, all the countries are so completely unanimous that they, as it were, cancel one another out. As someone has said, it is like two men meeting in the street—one steps to the left to allow the other to pass, whereupon the other steps to the right for the same purpose, and neither can move. What can this country do? The Protectionists, of course, say build a high tariff wall and bargain over the top, but what they want is the high wall and not the bargaining. Free Traders can do a little better than this. They can suggest by way of making something like a start in the Geneva direction: let us at any rate decide when putting on new safeguarding duties to make them 20 instead of 33½ per cent. That would be something—from the point of view of Germany, for instance, quite a good deal.

* * *

I was delighted to read Sir John Simon's spirited protest against the growing habit of legislation by reference, and the mystifying technicalities of language cultivated by draftsmen and Ministers. He showed once more a fine capacity to rise above the legal Trade Union standpoint, for if you simplify Acts of Parliament you take the bread out of the legal mouth. Still the notion that laws are made for lawyers, however popular it may be in a restricted circle, has no support among the simple souls who must obey those laws or suffer for it. Conventionally we are all supposed to know and understand the law; ignorance is at any rate no defence, unavoidable though it may be. The new Unemployment Insurance Bill, the cause of the complaint, is a particularly bad specimen, for it presupposes knowledge of some half-dozen earlier Unemployment Acts, so that finding the meaning of a clause becomes a game of hunt the slipper. It is also, judging from the specimens I have tackled, notable even among Bills for the barbarous and thorny parody of English in which it is written, containing sentences which drag their hideous length along some hundreds of repulsive words. Is there any reason why these laws, which actually concern the lives and wellbeing of hosts of ordinary men, should not be written simply and in common English? Surely it is not beyond the capacity even of an expert in Whitehall to link up a new measure with its predecessors by a plain introduction, summary, or whatever the word may be. If it is impossible to expect Government lawyers to put things intelligibly, why not appoint a small committee of good writers to translate their efforts, say, into journalese—a lesser evil—before they are inflicted on the community? There was a great flourish not long ago about an alleged simplification of the income tax "literature." The latest specimen that has reached me is of the time-honoured kind. It is written in language which gives the torturing illusion of precision, but which is really as obscure as Sordello—but not alas so easy to treat with the neglect it deserves.

* * *

The uneasiness about the startling spread of greyhound racing—which most people who know anything about it regard as merely machinery for small betting—is steadily increasing. This week another big London course has been

opened at Wembley, with the blessing of Major-General Seely, who has discovered that the amount of betting that goes on is negligible. Those who hold that it is no business of Liberals to oppose the weakness of working men in this matter will be rather encouraged by the news of the ban put upon dog-racing by the Spanish dictator. On the other hand, the "sport" has been killed in two of the democratic States of Australia, and let us remember that the Australians have had more experience of its effects than we have. Liberals, I am sure, will have no complaint to make of the demand now growing in those English civic centres where the agitation is becoming lively, namely, that the local authorities ought at least to have the power to control greyhound racing by licence, by a sort of local option. Otherwise any town is at the mercy of the powerful pressure which the new financial interests can exercise to plant upon them this thoroughly sordid and demoralizing thing. If I am wrong on this subject, as correspondents continue to inform me, I have the comfort of being wrong in a growing company of people who are not concerned with academic niceties and political doctrine, but who know at first hand what gambling means in social damage and loss. If we are under a delusion, it is certainly a monstrous one. There is, I submit, no delusion at all in the calculations of the financial experts who are pushing the craze on and making easy money out of it while it lasts; nor is there much wrong with the shrewdness of the noble army of bookmakers. Anyone anxious to discover who is being deluded has only to study, any night at Wembley or the White City, the clients of these skilful evaders of the law.

* * *

The correspondence in the newspapers about Captain Amundsen's resignation from the Royal Geographical Society and its reasons would be incredible if it were not there in print. It reads like a not particularly bright skiff in PUNCH. Captain Amundsen's complaint against the late Lord Curzon seems to point to a mind of morbid suspicion and irritability. Lord Curzon occasionally hurt people's feelings, but the people so hurt were usually those who could not take a humorous view of his pompousness. Not even his wildest enemies ever accused him of intentionally committing such a gross outrage as Captain Amundsen reads into this speech. Lord Curzon was the master of generous and finely phrased compliment, and if anyone had told him that when he called for three cheers for Captain Amundsen's dogs he had a "satirical and derogatory intention," he would have declared, and with justice, that his critic was mad. A foreigner might at the most regard it as British sentimentality. But it would never dawn upon Lord Curzon that Amundsen could be annoyed by his happy impulse to give due credit to the dogs. Surely Amundsen can rest content with his exploit without going out of his way to quarrel with the British and to call us "bad losers." He might remember what no one here would remind him of without provocation, that when Captain Scott found that he had been forestalled by Amundsen's enterprise in the rush to the South Pole the discovery was a terrible blow, and may have worked mental damage which made all the difference to the chances of survival afterwards.

* * *

At the first concert of "music from the air":—

CAL. Be not afeared; the [hall] is full of noises
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears. . . .

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me where
I shall have my music for rothing.

Professor Theremin has made poor old Prospero a back number. KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. H. G. WELLS AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Hobson is our great master of the lofty sneer. By a simple persistent assumption of scornfulness he almost persuades us to believe in his superior intelligence. His art is indisputable. When he writes "advanced thinkers" the simple quotation marks about "advanced" do a work of accusation and insinuation that clumsier detractors could not achieve in half a column. Following the swirling skirts of Miss Rebecca West in the DAILY EXPRESS, I note that he denounces me for some imaginary change in my attitude to democracy. I am "our quick change artist in high thinking," &c., &c., the stock stuff. I would like to point out how untrue and silly this allusion is in this case. Mr. J. A. Hobson is a "thinker" and a writer, but I doubt if he has ever learnt to read well, and certainly he is far too specialized a "thinker" to verify an accusation. I happen to have been expressing certain opinions about modern democracy for the last thirty years. They were set out plainly and clearly for anyone to read in "Anticipations" (1900). In "A Modern Utopia," three or four years later, a Utopian substitute for the elected representative is projected in a voluntary organization open to all. Again and again in books, in articles I have returned to the difficulties and absurdities of the electoral methods which Mr. Hobson snuddles up with democracy. And as recently as this spring, still struggling patiently outside the apprehensions of the Hobson type, I returned to the same scheme in a lecture in Paris, and with a particular eye to hearers like Mr. Hobson, recalled my quarter-century-old suggestions in the light of the Communist Party, the Fascisti, and the Kuomintang. In vain. Throughout my writings there has been a steady, consistent development of a reasoned thesis in this matter. No doubt it is all very boring, and Mr. Hobson is perfectly justified in not reading the stuff or knowing anything about it. But why should he pretend to know about it and drag my name in to his "thinking" with a flighty, foolish insult? Why should he ignore what I say in my own person in order to quote "William Clissold" who I have done all in my power to explain even to the most deliberately stupid readers expresses a "posed" set of opinions. Cannot Mr. J. A. Hobson grasp that last idea? How blindly wrong headed it is to declare that my "Democracy under Revision" "accepts the failure of democracy as an established truth." There is the lecture (1927) printed for Mr. J. A. Hobson to read or have read to him. Let him begin with the title and ask himself whether revising a thing is the same as abandoning that thing? Let him bring his highly developed thinking apparatus to that issue. Then bit by bit and marking the place let him go through the lecture and ask himself whether even a hack-journalist in a local paper would be justified in saying I propose to "scrap" democracy.

With Mr. Shaw's vapouring about the "failure" of democracy and Mr. Hobson's mystical counter-vapourings, I have nothing to do. These two thinkers seem to me very much upon a par. Merely I ask that either I shall be read intelligently and cited fairly or kept out of Mr. Hobson's discussions.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. WELLS.

Grasse.

December 6th, 1927.

SECURITY AND DISARMAMENT

SIR,—Some of the thinking—or at any rate arguing—put forward by Admiralties and War Offices—not to mention Presidents—would seem to be either very confused or very wily. Is one country's fleet to be proportionate to the fleets it may have to encounter? It does not seem an unreasonable idea. When Navies are on the upgrade, this is the official view. Each must match the other's increase. But when reduction is in the air, the tune is changed. There arises some strange minimum of necessity which is quite irrespective of what other nations do. Judging from recent contentions, I gather that seventy cruisers were still held to be essential for Britain, even though every other Power reduced their naval forces to a single gunboat. Mr. Coolidge, too, is ostentatiously unconcerned with the action of others. One

would hope that the public mind would see through all this. But it illustrates the general need of clearer thinking as to the presumable purpose of armaments and their relation to security—a need that arises, one suspects, from a concentration on one's own standpoint and an inability to take a large view. We often hear of moral disarmament, generally from those who wish to postpone actual disarmament to the Greek Kalends or the Millennium. I suggest the urgency of intellectual disarmament. A French newspaper recently said of the Russian proposal that some people wanted to disarm the policemen first, and the criminals afterwards. The fact that the policemen and the criminals are the same people seemed to have escaped them. But it is the essence of the situation.—Yours, &c.,

F. E. POLLARD.

9, Denmark Road, Reading.
December 11th, 1927.

THE WAR GUILT QUESTION

SIR,—Dr. Walsh has seriously, though, I am sure, unintentionally, misrepresented my letter. May I ask you kindly to place side by side my words and Dr. Walsh's attributions?

DR. WALSH'S ASSERTIONS.

"It is fairly clear that the devils of the piece were the German military authorities."

"Having assumed the truth of the accusation he proceeds to justify the penalty since the German people are liable to pay for the misdeeds of their rulers."

MY LETTER.

"If, in fact, a preponderant share of responsibility does attach to the Germans, is it not fairly clear that the devils of the piece were the German military authorities . . . ?"

"If that is true, are not we all fellow sufferers with the German people who were the victims of their military masters? In this matter the Germans may be in a similar position to that of a merchant who is liable to pay for the misdeeds of an agent, although no moral responsibility attaches to him."

If Dr. Walsh can so misconstrue my perfectly plain words, what are we to expect from his reading of diplomatic documents?—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

December 10th, 1927.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Chas. Wright speaks of the exasperation which would be caused through a reopening of the War Guilt question. The present situation (condemnation without trial) may not be exasperating to most English people, but it is intensely exasperating to Germans. Like so many others, Mr. Wright assumes a large measure of guilt on the German side, without having heard the case for the defence.

The German point is that if this question were really brought in the open, say, before a judicial committee of the League of Nations, they would then have an opportunity of laying their whole case before the world. At present most people, in England or France, are totally unaware of the pre-war Russian plans for annexing Constantinople, of all the evidence tending to show that the Franco-Russian encirclement of the Central Powers was by no means so purely defensive as is commonly thought in England, and of many other points which cannot be raised here. I thought it was common knowledge that the reparations claim rested on the assumption of German war guilt. It was stated so again and again by the Allied statesmen. There is no analogy at all with the indemnity of 1870, which was a relatively small fixed sum demanded merely to cover war costs. The whole peace announcement of 1919 was drawn up upon the declared basis that the Germans were a nation of barbarians, whose future development must be hampered by punitive measures previously unheard of in any peace treaties (see Nitti's comments on this matter). The exact indemnity was left unspecified, so that as soon as Germany recovered she could be ruined again by increasing the sums demanded. All this was justified by an appeal to the (quite unproved) guilt of the Germans. Even now, it is doubtful whether the French will ever withdraw from the Rhine territory. A ring of States was made encircling Germany on every side, and all her colonies were taken away. It is absurd to make com-

parisons with 1870 or with other European peace treaties, when no such repression of the fallen enemy was envisaged at all.

From "Outsider's" letter it is also clear that he writes without having heard the evidence on the other side. Both these letters only illustrate how unsatisfactory is the present position.—Yours, &c.,

Steinach, Tyrol.

December 10th, 1927.

MEYRICK BOOTH.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL SITE

SIR,—Poor men sometimes have greater knowledge of the more pressing needs than those endowed with a goodly portion of this world's wealth. May one heartily endorse Mrs. Bedford's appeal for the nation's precious jewel, her young? It is rumoured that an overseas hostel for students is to be established at the Foundling Hospital. However meritorious this proposal may be, the cry of London's kiddies comes first. With our acute housing shortage, we must have space for preventive work by providing a site for the London child to breathe God's air and to enjoy life before, at an early age, he is recruited for the labour market. What an opportunity for a millionaire to have his name for generations identified with the rescue of a revered place for children. The Bishop of London many years ago in crowded Bethnal Green voiced the same object when some land was to be built upon. Health and good recreation before bricks and mortar.—Yours, &c.,

D. HALLIDAY MACARTNEY.

OTTERS AND FROGS

SIR,—My attention has just been drawn to a review of "Tarka, the Otter," in your issue of November 5th, by Miss Frances Pitt, whose nature studies are as charming as well known. To review a reviewer is a somewhat thankless task, nor do I hold any brief for Mr. Henry Williamson, the author. But for the benefit of "those that come after," and in the interests of accuracy and correct statement, I trust you will allow me to join issue with Miss Frances Pitt. In THE NATION of November 5th this lady ridicules Mr. Williamson for making his otter-hero skin frogs, declaring that otters gobble them up "whole even to their little toes," and doubting the possibility of an otter being able to skin a frog even if in not too great a hurry to devour it. When I was hunting the Cheriton Otter Hounds above Kismeldon (Kis-sington Bridge) on the River Torridge, hounds were busy on the trail of an otter that led them to an island in mid-stream. Here they dwelt revelling in the scent, and on wading across I saw the remains of several frogs skinned back to the eyes like a glove peeled off one's hand. True, I did not see the otter do this, but there is very strong corroborative evidence that this was the work of an otter. It is never safe to say what a wild animal will do under various circumstances and in various counties, as they adapt themselves and their habits to their locality or as necessity of food, sex, or play arises. It is all very well to observe otters or other animals tame in confinement or in their natural surroundings, but to dogmatize on their behaviour is dangerous work, and often leads to one's undoing. My own critique of Mr. Williamson's book appeared in the SHOOTING TIMES of October 29th, in which it will be seen I join issue with him on many points. Both he and Miss Pitt do not appear to have noticed that the otter's greatest delight is to "flirt" with running or falling water. Wild otters love to shoot the falls, and tame otters revel if a tap is turned on them, and will go wild with joy, even rolling on their backs in ecstasy, if sprinkled by a watering-pot. Nor do either author or reviewer appear to have noticed how an otter will rub on the ground a slimy prey—fish or toad—to clean it apparently, and before eating it wash it off in the water. Having kept tame otters myself and hunted otter packs, both in Essex and Devon, besides following many other otter packs for many years, you will perhaps permit me to throw my tongue on the true trail?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR HEINEMANN.

West Somerset.

OCCUPATIONS

"Tinker, tailor,
Soldier, sailor,
Rich man, poor man,
Beggarmen, thief."

I do not suppose that, even in our childhood, we thought this list was a complete one. It did well enough as a method of deciding who should be Tom Tiddler or go out first in the guessing game. You went round marking off the company one by one till you came to the thief, and it was always the thief who had to go. Considered, however, as a category of the occupations of mankind, it was obviously inadequate. There was the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, for example: why were these not included? There were also all those picturesque figures who were known to us through "Happy Families"—Mr. Block the barber, Mr. Chips the carpenter, Mr. Dip the dyer, and the rest of them. And there were others whom we knew from personal observation, such as the milkman, the lamp-lighter, the policeman, the engine-driver, the porter, and the guard. There were also farmers and ploughboys and fishermen and clergymen. It was evident, when we began to think about it, that the world was a far more complicated affair than we had at first supposed. But never, until the other day—when I first saw the new Dictionary of Occupational Terms,* issued by the Ministry of Labour, had I realized, even vaguely, what an immensely complicated business the world has now become. Has any reader of this article ever tried to guess the number of separate occupations in modern England, and the number of names for them? Has it ever occurred to him that the world has become so complicated that in this dictionary alone more than sixteen thousand occupations are recorded and nearly thirty thousand occupational names; for many of the occupations are not content to have only one name each. But the statement of the Preface is too clear to be doubted; 16,837 occupations and 29,106 occupational terms are the exact numbers given.

And even so the tale is not complete. For some reason which it is not easy to understand most of the more gentlemanly callings have been shut out. "No occupations," so we are told, "of persons employed in public administration and defence or professional occupations have been included." So the lawyer's clerk appears, but not the lawyer, the bank cashier but not the banker, the architect's draughtsman but not the architect, the printer of books but not the author, nor even the reviewer, the publisher's binder but not the publisher, and amongst the hundred painters who are recorded and described—such as the advertisement painter, the air-cushion painter, the baby-car painter, the blind painter, the blotch painter (in the roller-engraving industry), the gas-meter painter, the glass painter, the rough painter, the safe painter, the sign painter, and so on—there is no mere painter of pictures. Even amongst the artists he is not to be found. There is an aerograph artist, a chromo artist, a trapeze artist, an artist-in-hair, an artist's brush-maker, and an artist's colourman; there are also many artistes; but the artist himself, the artist for art's sake, is mysteriously omitted.

At the other end of the scale, too, there are some remarkable gaps. While the organist is included, there is no organ-grinder; there is a mosaic-pavement maker, but no pavement artist, a flower-girl but no match-seller; and the oldest and not the least conspicuous of all women's occupations is not even distantly referred to. Nor is there any mention of burglars, or thieves, or blackmailers. Are they also to be reckoned among the professional classes? Per-

haps the simpler explanation is that the dictionary is based on the census returns, and is really little more than a record and definition of the various names by which the workers of the world, or at any rate of the British Empire, describe their work. All the more does it surprise us that, in spite of these large omissions, the number of occupations recorded should still be so great.

Surprising, too, are the style and character of many of the names that appear. Consider, for example, this list of occupations taken almost at random from the mining and quarrying industries: bankrider, braehead-bencher, billy-boy, bogie-man, causey man, corve-greaser, chockler, cuddy-lad, cuddy-runner, dataller, dauber, dookfooter, dookheader, dukey-rider, molly-boy, pompom-man, plug-and-feather-man, shaker-worker, stowbordman, sump-man, veerer, wailer, weigh-end-lad—what a fine and picturesque style they have! Others, however, are more curious than attractive: such as, batter-out, bosh-cinder-getter, bog-turner, bottom-shooter, bummer, buttocker, gummer, hagger, hitcher, hatcher, jiggerer, jig-hooker, pucking-cutter, pug-grinder, pugger-up, pack-waller, band-walloper, muckman, scutecher, slummer, snibbler, spragger, scabblar, scrabblar, spunney-boy, slack-washer, shoddy-dresser, worm-boy. The occupations it must be admitted are generally less interesting than their names. A plug-and-feather-man, for instance, is “a driller (hand or machine) who splits rock by drilling holes along desired line of cleavage, inserting in each hole a wedge or plug of iron between two feathers or thin wedges of steel, and hammering on plugs till fracture is made.” A band-walloper is also a driller; he “drills band of stone interstratified in coal face and when blasted down by fireman, removes it with pick and shovel, loads it into tubs, and pushes it away to stowing-place in goaf”; while a bosh-cinder-getter is merely one who “rakes cinders from bottom of water-bosh.”

Amongst textile-workers are to be found the burler-and-mender, the hank-buncher, the jacquard-puncher, the maggie-minder, the reader-in, the tambourer, the weaver, the whimseyer, the willeyer; but also the bowker, the buffer, the clobberer, the devil-worker, the dodger, the hackler, the tackler, the greasy-percher, the snouter, the teaser, the wincher, and the whuzzer. Amongst workers in skin and leather are the belly-roller, the offal-roller, the blubberer, the burrer, the buzzer, the flesher, the fluffer, the frizer, the slubber, the slugger, the strike-out, the offal-striker, the tawer, the unhairer, the leashman, the liquor-runner, and the powder-puff-cutter.

The glass-workers include such pleasant names as the annealer, the beveller, the embosser, the engraver, the etcher, the lehrman, and the offenbacher; but also the cracker-off, the dabber-up, the dribble-boy, the flanger, the flayer, the grinder-off, the heaven-out, the mucker, the puntier, the punty-sticker, the suckerman, and the moil-wheeler. Amongst workers in metal are hillmen and hoistmen, pulpitmen and converters, bustlers and burners, rifiers and tilters, slotters and jogglers, smelters and seinterers, scruffmen and tellermen, and puddlers of many kinds. Amongst smiths and machine-tool makers are the dhaw-maker, the dolly-maker, the flanging-smith's striker, the flangewelder, the fly-forger, the flyer-rancer, the glitter, the head-skewer, and the rimmerer. Amongst dyers and dye-mixers are the mordant-maker, the padding-mangler, the padding-tenter, the reeler, and the slabber; amongst workers in chemical processes the acetylizer, the acid-pan-man, the decomposing-pan-man, the buddle-washer, the cathode-washer, the centrifugaller, the graphiter, the grummeter, the rasper, the starlight-maker, and the white-lead-digester-man; amongst fishermen, the boulderer, the

cockler, the smacksman, the trolloper, the whammeller, the whelker, and the younker.

It would be interesting to discover the history and etymology of some of these strange names; but only very seldom is either given. We are told, for instance, that the name of burrgreiler—for the worker who rounds off the teeth of combs—is derived from the fact that he removes burrs and other irregularities with a “greile” or file, and that the name of lurer in the silk-hat trade is a corruption of velourer; but why a worker in metals—who maintains heat under white-metal pots and pours the white-metal into bearings and bushes of locomotives—should be called a babbitter is not explained, nor yet why a smith's shop assistant should be called a smeddy. That a woman who is employed by the proprietor of a lace warehouse to collect lace from home-workers should be known as a lace-duchess is not unintelligible; but it is not so easy to understand why a man who applies waxed ink to the soles and edges of boots should be called a slosher, or why a journeyman boot-and-shoemaker should be familiarly known as a snob.

The occupational names applied to women are often singularly unflattering: such as alley-girl, bal-girl, back-end-girl, charwoman, cockle-wife, fishwife, pickling-girl, plug-girl, spout-girl, and bumboat-woman; but milliner and mannequin have a better sound. The name of spinster, too, is to me not unattractive; but this, which was once the most typical of all occupations for women, is no longer to be found in the list.

Some of the most charming names represent occupations which are falling more and more into disuse, such as forester and forest-ranger, perruquier and postilion, verdor and river-warden; but I am glad to see that next after the pump-wright—of the iron and steel trade—the Punch-and-Judy showman still fantastically appears. So the workers go about their work in complicated and ever-changing order, endeavouring through incessant toil, and in so many thousand ways, to satisfy perhaps some little portion of man's insatiable desires. P. M.

A CHRISTMAS ARGUMENT

“IT'S a poor world,” said Mr. Scrooge's second cousin four times removed, “that can't keep itself. I've always kept myself—and as long as I've two eyes to see with I shall continue to do so.”

“Perhaps you're right,” said Mr. Cheeryble's great-great-nephew, sadly, “but it would be a very unpleasant thing to be huddled up on a seat on the Embankment in this North-East wind.”

“They deserve it,” said the youngest Scrooge; “laziness, dissipation, drink, drugs, gambling—”

“And often,” said the youngest Cheeryble—“sheer bad luck.”

“There's no such thing. In any case, why are you worrying about them, Cheeryble? You look happy enough.”

“I thought perhaps at this time of the year I might appeal to you, Scrooge—because they are unhappy.”

“That's like you, Cheeryble. Just because a remote ancestor of mine, very distant—and up to that time a most level-headed man of business—made a fool of himself one night—it's my belief he'd had too much of that Double Diamond your great-great-uncles were too fond of—just because once he forgot himself you think you can make the same fool of me. It's useless to try.”

“Do you know what would happen to you, Scrooge, if you found yourself suddenly destitute, without a roof over your head, without a penny in your pocket, without a crust

to gnaw, facing a night of exposure? You'd be taken up by the police."

"What I should expect," said Scrooge, "and what I should deserve."

"Yes, but what you wouldn't expect and what even you might be grateful for is that you would be sent to the Oliver Borthwick Home, or to a shelter of the Salvation Army or the Church Army, where you'd be given hot food and a decent bed."

"And a brass band and a sermon," snorted Scrooge.

"I'm not so certain of that—but what I know would happen to you is that in the morning when you were rested and no longer hungry you would be asked to tell as much of your case as you felt inclined to, how you came to grief, what work you were looking for—and every kind of assistance would be given to you to find it. What do you think of that for practical help?"

"Say to it? I should be ashamed even to think of it."

"Yes, that's what most of them are, poor fellows. What helps them is to put a little of God's good confidence into them. A hand's turn of sympathy, Scrooge, is worth a lot."

"I've no sympathy to waste—on wasters."

"Well, if you look at it in that way," said Cheeryble, "I shall have to try you over something else. You were boasting just now that you could support yourself as long as you had two eyes to see with. Supposing you hadn't, Scrooge?"

"I've been careful. I've saved enough to live on."

"You've had the chance. If you had never had the chance? Wouldn't you have been pleased to hear of the National Institute for the Blind which devotes itself to the interests of blind people. Can't you see how important and valuable such work is? Is it nothing that it provides for the education and recreation of the blind and helps them through life under their terrible disability?"

"To my mind there is a great deal too much recreation and education nowadays."

"So you are not sympathetic? It's a pity, Scrooge. I thought I might have touched you there. It isn't often that one meets anyone who refuses that appeal. And you've no children?"

"Far better without them."

"So it's no use my saying a word for another favourite charity of mine—the N.S.P.C.C.? Do you know that that institution has rescued more than 4,000,000 children from cruelty and neglect? How would you like to have a child of your own who was starved and beaten?"

"I seem to remember that your respected ancestors once tackled a Mr. Nickleby on that subject."

"Yes, but unfortunately they were too late. I thought perhaps you might like to be in time to save some wretched little sufferer."

"Really, Cheeryble—I'm a busy man."

"Oh, I've got a lot to talk about yet. I want you to put yourself in several more desperate positions. How, for instance, would you like to be shipwrecked? Would you be pleased to see a lifeboat?"

"What nonsense you talk."

"You'd think you owed something to the gallant fellows who risked their own lives to save yours? But if there wasn't a lifeboat—wouldn't you rather regret that you hadn't supported the Institution which provides them and looks after the welfare of those brave crews?"

"There's a great deal of stupid sentiment talked about gallant fellows. I daresay lifeboatmen like it."

"Much in the same way that soldiers and sailors like spending four years in danger—but you can't get away from the fact that they did pretty well by you and that

you did pretty well out of them. I only suggest that some of the money that you made and saved in the war is owed to a show like Earl Haig's fund."

"Ex-soldiers and sailors are the curse of any community. They're discontented—a dangerous element. You'll be asking me to subscribe to Russia next."

"That is precisely what I'm going to do—and to Armenia also. One of the best pieces of work the Friends' Service Council is doing is to provide a model Nurses' School in Russia where the technique of nursing is sadly neglected. You see the Council believes that we cannot take a surer way to establish good relations between countries than by voluntary acts of charity and sympathy. Armenia, with its tragic record of massacre and depredation, you know of. How badly they need help I need not tell you."

"You're wasting my time, and your own. I don't take the slightest interest in either country."

"It's a pity—nor in your own either—nor in all the good work that is going on around you? It does not cross your mind as you walk through the London streets that it would be a fine thing to do to help the work of the hospitals—the great general hospitals, the specialized hospitals such as the Hospital for Sick Children, that for Cancer, in the Fulham Road, or Epilepsy—or the British Home for Incurables? Their names are dreadful, but their work is magnificent."

"How much longer is this going on? Is there no way of stopping you?"

"Yes, you can make me a promise. Think it all over. By the way, when you've made up your mind to open that cheque book of yours, if it is more convenient, you can send your subscription to the Editor of THE NATION. He will split it up for you in any way you wish and see that the charities you select get the amounts you mention. Think how many twopenny stamps you might save by that method, Scrooge."

"That's the first sensible thing you've said, Cheeryble. I am really beginning to melt." J. B. S. B.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

IT was very enterprising of the Oxford University Opera Club to undertake a production of Monteverde's "Coronation of Poppæa," an extremely difficult task with a company consisting mainly of amateurs, but performed with very creditable success. Monteverde was fortunate in his libretto for this opera; Busenello's poetic drama is well constructed for the stage, with a wealth of dramatic situation, and written with a singular intellectual detachment and lack of comment which gives the characters individuality and life. Unfortunately the rather florid Italian suffered from translation, becoming at moments stilted and slightly ridiculous. The music, though sometimes a little monotonous and repetitive, is full of exquisite passages, and there are many scenes, such as Seneca's death, Octavia's departure, and the Love-duet at the end (to mention only a few) which are as moving as anything in opera. It depends almost entirely on the singers, and the fact that it was made to sound sometimes like church responses and that the rhythm was often lost was no doubt due to the inexperience of some of them. The opera was given with only curtains and a flight of steps, but one could well have dispensed with so many effects of coloured lights, and the ballet was not altogether successful. Excellent performances were given by Mr. Sumner Austin as Nero, Miss Dorothy Augood as Poppæa, and Miss Bertha Philips as Drusilla.

"Dr. Syn," the new melodrama at the Strand Theatre, is a very remarkable entertainment, but I doubt if there are enough sufficiently sophisticated people about to ensure

it a very long run. It is the most old-fashioned play at present running on the stage, though a touch of cynicism is added right at the end to please the youngsters. Mr. Russell Thorndike got himself up marvellously to look like Irving, and I should imagine imitated his elocution superbly. At "Dr. Syn" we really get back into the nineteenth century. Technically the play presents features of great interest. The æsthetic of the Elizabethan stage is seen undiluted in "Dr. Syn." I do not merely refer to such details as scenes lifted almost bodily from "The Tempest," "King Richard III.," and "King John"; but the proportion observed between the comic relief and the braggadocio are purely Elizabethan: in moments of passion the play drops naturally into blank verse, and no attempt is made at realism. The action will be held up for five minutes to allow lovers to pour forth their soul in the best Romeo manner. The most important emotional crises are always given the greatest weight. Those interested in the history of the drama will be much interested in "Dr. Syn." But those whose historical sense does not go back further than "Broadway" will merely, I fear, regard "Dr. Syn" as another proof of their ancestors' stupidity. But boys might do worse than give the old people a treat by taking them to the Strand Theatre.

It is difficult to see the exact point of the way in which the British Empire Shakespeare Society pursues its propaganda. The object of the Society—to spread a love of Shakespeare throughout the land—is wholly praiseworthy, and it is to be hoped that the only result is not to increase the unintelligent fuss about the subject. Last week at the Haymarket Theatre, some ladies and gentlemen connected with the stage read "The Tempest" out loud for the benefit of subscribers. If they had read "The Tempest" superlatively well, the result would have been remarkable, but naturally they did not, and one famous passage was omitted presumably because of the difficulties of elocution that it presents. It was certainly better than seeing a performance of "The Tempest," because it did not last so long, and there was no scenery to look at, but one reader, in a very trying part, succeeded in being almost as exasperating as if acting in good earnest. I fail to see what advantage this entertainment had over reading the play to oneself. Still a fair assembly of persons seemed to enjoy themselves, though I enjoyed myself more at a performance of "On Approval," which I visited, on my own account, in the evening. "On Approval" is a slight but always amusing play, deliciously interpreted by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Valerie Taylor, Mr. Ronald Squire, and Mr. Breon. It has already run two hundred and fifty nights, and there seems no reason why it should ever stop.

Can an audience be made to attend as closely to a play that appeals only to the intelligence as to one which appeals to the emotions as well? Yes, said Bernard Shaw twenty years ago, and wrote "Getting Married." If Mr. Shaw's belief was not altogether justified at the time, there is no doubt about it to-day. But Mr. S. Esmé Percy, who produced the present revival of "Getting Married" at the Little, is not quite so sure. At any rate, he contrives to introduce as much brightness as he can, he makes his company speak their lines with the greatest possible variety of inflexion, for fear of their sounding dull, and if ever he can sentimentalize a passage he does. But in spite of all this the logic shows through, the arguments are followed, and in the end each hit is registered, and this says much for Mr. Shaw. The only really good performance in the production is the Bishop of Mr. Frank Darch.

Whoever selected Mr. J. H. Roberts for his part in "Life—Palpitating Life," last week's play at the "Q" Theatre, achieved a triumph of miscasting. Mr. Roberts is an actor who should never be called upon for broad gestures or farcical effects, his touch is too refined, his wit too subtle, his sense of character too well formed ever to venture beyond the boundaries of comedy acting. In this play he has been cast for the hero of a knock-about farce of film stars and fearfulness, a part to which he is about

as suited as George Robey to Macbeth. The rest of the company have little to do but "support" him, and the play accordingly misses fire. Not that there is very much to explode; but if Mr. Athole Stewart, who adapted it from the Italian, had done so with less frenzied facetiousness and had omitted a few dozen jokes which may have been amusing in Italy, but were clichés to us in our cradles, he might have extracted some good fun out of the entertaining central idea of the rich young man, who, to relieve his boredom, hires actors to give him thrills; and, when real thrills occur, imagines that these are what he has paid for. But with Mr. Roberts up, the odds are all against him.

The Trustees of the British Museum have forwarded to us some coloured reproductions from illuminated manuscripts in the form of two sets of post-cards and three booklets of single miniatures. The post-cards, each set containing six cards, are taken from the Westminster Abbey Psalter, Royal MS. 2Axxii., a fine example of late twelfth-century English illumination, and from a beautiful Flemish Hordi of about 1500. The booklets, "Process Reproductions from Illuminated MSS.," reproduce miniatures of different schools, each a century later in date than the preceding one. These are all on sale at the Museum at the modest price of 1s. for each booklet or set of six cards. Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co. have also sent us a set of Calendars and Christmas Cards. These are of even greater variety than those we received from the Medici Galleries, though not equal to them in tone and fine printing. Amongst the novelties sent in are the daily tear-off "Great Thought" block calendars with selected quotations for every day; useful Engagement Calendars with spaces for a month's engagements on a page; calendars and cards in colour mounted on bevelled boards, which are very attractive; and picture post-cards done up in packets of six, each with seasonable wordings. To judge from this selection and the quantities of cards and calendars seen in the shop windows, the demand for the exchange of Yuletide greetings seems as popular as ever.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, December 17th.—

Joseph Lampkin, Violin Recital, Æolian Hall, 3.
Jan Smeterlin, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Carols by the League of Arts' Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
The Mystery Play, "Eager Heart," at the Church House, Westminster, 3.30 (December 17th, 19th, 22nd).

Sunday, December 18th.—

Dr. Bernard Hollander on "The Development of Personality," South Place, 11.
Mr. H. G. Wood on "Our Hope for Western Civilization," Friends' House, 6.30.
Professor Elliot Smith on "India's Place in the History of Civilization," Indian Students' Union, 5.
Repertory Players in "Sadie Dupont," at the Strand.
"The Messiah," at the Royal Albert Hall, 3 (London Choral Society, Alexandra Palace Choir, and the London Symphony Orchestra).

Monday, December 19th.—

"Whispering Wires," by Miss Kate L. McLaurin, at the Apollo.
"The Taming of the Shrew," at the Lyric, Hammer-smith.
"The Private Secretary," at the Playhouse.
"Robinson Crusoe," at the Garrick.

Tuesday, December 20th.—

Oriana Madrigal Society's Concert, Æolian Hall, 8.15.
"Quest," by Mr. Ralph Scott, at the Criterion.

Wednesday, December 21st.—

"Peter Pan," at the Gaiety.

Thursday, December 22nd.—

Miss J. Sterling Mackinlay's Matinées for Children begin, Rudolf Steiner Hall.

OMICRON.

HAM STREET, KENT

In the woods at Ham Street, the blue bells nod their heads,
The primroses are stars in a sky of violet blue;
And anemones so fragile that they shiver when a breeze
Goes swiftly through the woods without rustling the leaves,
Cluster close together as if wondering what to do.

The chiff-chaff and the blue-tit, the black cap and the wren
Sing love-songs to each other as they build their nests again.
The cuckoo laughs and passes, and a shower of cherry bloom
Like snow-flakes, flutters gently to the mossy spongy ground
And there's mystery in the shadows that lengthen in the
gloom.

K. M. M. F.

THE LISTENING GHOST

THE dead man's body lay stark and cold,
And heeded naught of the tale they told;
But the dead man's ghost stood, lank and grim,
And hearkened, as they talked of him;
Then murmured—

Ay, it may be true . . .

*Yet, it was only my body they knew;
But what a tale they'd have to tell,
If they had known my soul as well!*

WILFRID GIBSON.

THEATRES.—continued from opposite column.

PRINCES.

"BITS AND PIECES."

GEORGE ROBEY. MARIE BLANCHE.

First Performance, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, at 8.

Matinees, December 26th, and Daily, Xmas week, at 2.30.

"LANCLOT OF DENMARK." Translated from the Old Dutch by
PROFESSOR GEYL; and

"THE POET LAUREATE." A Fantasy by GEOFFREY DEARMER.
December 16th—22nd, and for a further run from January 3rd.

NIGHTLY AT 8.30.
SUNDAY EVENING
PERFORMANCES.
NO MONDAY
PERFORMANCES.

PLAYROO SIX

6, NEW COMPTON STREET, W.C.2.

For particulars of membership ring REGENT 3985.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 2690.) NIGHTLY, 8.40. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30

"THE CROOKED BILLET." By DION TITHERADGE.

Leon Quartermaine, Merula Swinburne, Barbara Gott, C. V. France.

SHAFTESBURY. Gerr. 6666. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., also
Dec. 26th & Jan. 2nd, at 2.30. (No performances, Sat., Dec. 24th.)

"THE HIGH ROAD." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Gerr. 3416. Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"THE SILVER CORD." By SIDNEY HOWARD.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

CLAIRE EAMES.

WYNDHAM'S (Regent 3028.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., also

Dec. 26th, 27th & Jan. 2nd, at 2.30. (No performances Sat., Dec. 24th.)

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

EDITH EVANS.

GODFREY TEARLE.

CINEMAS.

CAPITOL, Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11
Commencing Sunday Next, December 18th.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM,

"VAUDEVILLE."

With EMIL JANNINGS.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)

DAILY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, 6 to 10.30.)

December 19th, 20th & 21st. REGINALD DENNY in "THAT'S MY DADDY";

Louise Fazenda in "FINGERPRINTS," by Arthur Somers Roche.

December 22nd, 23rd & 24th. WALLACE BEERY & FORD STERLING in

"CASEY AT THE BAT"; Mildred David in "TOO MANY CROOKS."

On the Stage: HAMILTON CONRAD'S PERFORMING PIGEONS, etc.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH.

(Gerrard 3929.)

Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30

"THARK." Extra Matinees, December 26th and January 2nd.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS.

(Ger. 4460.)

EVENINGS, 8.30.

Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"MARCH HARES."

ATHENE SEYLER, LESLIE BANKS, and HILDA TREVELYAN.

COURT, Sloane Square.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

"MR. PROHACK."

Matinees, Thursday, Saturday, also Tuesday, December 27th, at 2.30.

A New Play by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock. (No Perfs. Dec. 24.)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

Gerr. 7961.

"THE KING OF KINGS."

DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.

(Sunday, at 6.)

Prices (Inc. Tax): 8/6, 5/9, 3/6, 2/4, 1/2.

CRITERION.

(Ger. 3844.)

EVENINGS, at 8.45.

Matinee To-morrow (Saturday), at 2.45.

RUTH DRAPER. Original Character Sketches.

DRURY LANE.

EVGS., 8.15.

MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

Christmas Matinees, December 24th to 31st inclusive.

"THE DESERT SONG."

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERARD.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

(Gerrard 0313.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.40.

MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30

"GOOD MORNING, BILL!" With ERNEST TRUEX.

Extra Xmas Mats., Monday and Tuesday, December 26th and 27th, at 2.30.

FORTUNE THEATRE. Regent 1307. Evgs., 8.40. Mats., Thurs., Sat., also

Dec. 26th & Jan. 2nd, at 2.30. (No performances, Sat., Dec. 24th.)

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS.

RONALD SQUIRE.

GARRICK.

Gerrard 9513.

THE VAMPIRE PLAY, "DRACULA." EVGS. ONLY, 8.30.

Commencing December 19th, "ROBINSON CRUSOE." DAILY, 2.30.

HIPPODROME, London.

Gerrard 0650.

EVENINGS, 8.15.

MATS., WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.

"HIT THE DECK."

IVY TRESMAND.

ALICE MORLEY.

SYDNEY HOWARD.

STANLEY HOLLICWAY.

HOLBORN EMPIRE.

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS."

MATINEES ONLY. Com. Sat., Dec. 24th, and Daily, at 2.15.

Box Office Now Open. Popular Prices, 7/6, 5/6, etc. (Holborn 5367.)

KINGSWAY.

(Gerr. 4032.)

Nightly, 8.15.

Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LITTLE.

(Reg. 2401.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.

MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.

THE MACDONA PLAYERS in BERNARD SHAW'S

"GETTING MARRIED."

LONDON PAVILION.

DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. SUNDAYS, 6 and 8.30.

The Greatest Stage and Screen Spectacle

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

With Special Musical Production, by 40 Coloured Artistes.

LYRIC, Hammersmith.

Riverside 3012.

NIGHTLY, at 8. Mat., Sat., 2.30.

The OLD VIC COMPANY with SYBIL THORNDIKE in

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

December 19th, at 8, Mats., Dec. 21st, and 26th—31st, daily, at 2.30.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." (No Perfs. Dec. 24th.)

NEW SCALA THEATRE.

COMMENCING BOXING DAY, DECEMBER 26th, at 2.30.

H. V. NEILSON & GERMAINE DE VAUX

present

"BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND."

POPULAR PRICES.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

JOHN WEBSTER

IF one were naming the great Elizabethan dramatists, everyone would begin with Shakespeare and everyone ought to continue with Ben Jonson. About the third place there might be dispute, but I should give it unhesitatingly to Webster. Neither of Jonson nor of Webster has there hitherto been a satisfactory complete edition, but now what Professor Herford and Mr. Simpson are doing for Jonson, Mr. F. L. Lucas has done for Webster. He has edited "The Complete Works of John Webster" in four volumes (Chatto & Windus, 18s. each). It is an edition of which everyone, editor, publisher, reader, and shade of the author, may be proud, for it answers the ideal at which scholarship should aim in preparing for us the "complete works" of a dead writer deserving the full honours of immortality. To decide what works were really written by Webster, to give them to us as nearly as possible in the form in which they were written, and to provide such information in notes as may help the unlearned reader to understand plays written for audiences that have been dead some three centuries—these are, for Mr. Lucas, the most important duties of editorship. He performs them so admirably because he possesses two qualities not often combined. His learning is immense and his ingenuity considerable; and yet he rarely if ever falls into the pitfall which scholarship so often digs for itself—the over-ingenious hypothesis. The reason is that his learning is tempered and his ingenuity controlled by common sense. A hypothesis is always suspect to Mr. Lucas, because it is not an ascertained fact, whereas many brilliant editors seem almost to prefer a hypothesis resting on a hypothesis to Truth at her nudest. The lives and writings of Elizabethans are tempting fields for this intricate building of cobweb structures out of hypotheses; for of what they did we have little record—there is scarcely a single fact known about Webster's life—while their casual methods of authorship and publication and frequent collaboration make it often impossible for us to know what they wrote.

* * *

Mr. Lucas includes in his edition seven plays—"The White Devil," "The Duchess of Malfi," "The Devil's Law-Case," "A Cure for a Cuckold," "Appius and Virginia," "Anything for a Quiet Life," and "The Fair Maid of the Inn"—several poems, and thirty-two Characters which were first published in the sixth impression of "Overbury's Characters" in 1615. Of the plays only three are indisputably the work of Webster, "The White Devil," "The Duchess of Malfi," and "The Devil's Law-Case." Most of the experts hold that two or more writers had a hand in each of the other four, and an editor of Webster has to decide whether he was one of the collaborators and, if so, what parts of the play were written by him. Mr. Lucas's handling of these tricky questions of authorship is admirable; he never pretends to certainty where conclusions have to be based on such treacherous foundations as metre, style, and verbal resemblances. His final opinion is that Webster collaborated with Rowley and Heywood in "A Cure for a Cuckold," with Heywood in "Appius and Virginia," with Middleton in "Anything for a Quiet Life," and with Massinger and Ford in "The Fair Maid of the Inn." It will be seen that Mr. Lucas does not include in his edition

the three plays in which, it is generally agreed, Webster collaborated as an apprentice with Dekker, "Sir Thomas Wyatt," "Westward Ho!" and "Northward Ho!"

* * *

Mr. Lucas is well known as a literary critic as well as a scholar, and it is not unnatural that he should devote a good deal of space to the question of Webster's merits as a writer. It is significant that, though he places Webster very high both as a dramatist and poet, the note of his criticism is one of apology and defence. Hostile critics have been many and violent, and one has to go back to Lamb and Swinburne to find fervent admirers. Webster was tremendously a man of his own age, and he was clearly one of those writers whose genius works in erratic and short-lived, but violent, gusts. Whatever one's opinion may be of him, one cannot dispute the fact that his two great tragedies are immeasurably better than anything else which he wrote. But even in "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi" there are bare and arid places, which are the more conspicuous because of the astonishing exuberance which surrounds them. He gives therefore many openings for attack from those who are not in sympathy with him and with the temper of his times. Such instinctive sympathy is rare to-day. The melodramatic view of life, the exuberant poetry, the florid melancholia, the spectacular violence of simple passions, which appealed to men in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, no longer naturally appeal to us. Consequently the man who goes to Webster expecting and demanding what he gets from Ibsen or Chekhov or Mr. Shaw will find in "The White Devil" only sound and fury signifying nothing. But the fault or deficiency is in the man who sees or reads the play rather than in Webster. People's artistic intolerance is even greater than their religious, political, and intellectual intolerance. The man who admires "Madame Bovary" refuses to clear his mind of Flaubert in order to appreciate Dostoevsky, and you must be either a Bachite or a Wagnerite just as you must be either Oxford or Cambridge during boat-race week. But in the arts there is no reason why you should not be both Oxford and Cambridge and why both should not win. Much which Mr. Lucas says about the methods and merits of Webster has a bearing on this point. He rightly insists, for instance, that Webster like all the Elizabethans "worked predominantly in scenes." His plays are not closely articulated wholes like those of Ibsen. The immediate situation, each individual scene, was the important point, and they were loosely strung together to make a play. If you merely complain that the work is a succession of scenes and not a play, you will never allow yourself to discover whether Webster is or is not a great dramatist. But if you forget about Ibsen and Archer and Mr. Shaw and Racine, you will find that at his best, and in his own way he is a great dramatist. And behind the dramatist, there was something even better and rarer, a great poet. His genius, both as a playwright and poet, was sombre, erratic, and short-lived, but it produced two real masterpieces in "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi."

LEONARD WOOLF.

Also publishers of
Hutchinson's
Magazine
1/- Monthly

REVIEWS

SHELLEY

Shelley: His Life and Work. By WALTER E. PECK. 2 vols. (Benn. 50s.)

The Julian Shelley. Edited by ROGER INGPEN and W. E. PECK. Vols. II. and III.—*Poetry*. (Benn. 63s. each vol.)

OF books about Shelley there can hardly be expected to be an end until English literature, language, and one may almost say life, come to an end likewise. For independently of the curious contrast-combination of interest in his life and his work, fresh documents about them, not perhaps very important, but documentary and fresh, seem to be constantly turning up. That some sort of a fresh Life would also turn up in connection with the stately "Julian" edition was again only to be expected. The writer of the Life is one of the editors of the Text, and the publishers are the same in both cases, but the books are quite different in all respects of presentation—binding, paper, print, &c.

Except however to a rather fidgety person this does not matter much, and to those who feel or affect dislike of too close a combination of biographical, bibliographical, and critical matter with text it may even be an advantage. The book is at any rate an extremely thorough provision of Shelleyana. Mr. Peck seems to have familiarized himself with all the copious and various stores of matter in American collections as well as in English; he has by no means neglected his predecessors in the same business, and he quotes as honestly and as carefully (in respect of exact reference) as he does freely. Indeed, for the first seventy or eighty pages the abundance of citation from Hogg without any caution to the innocent rather surprises one. For there was once a flippant person who said he should like to write a pamphlet "On the Necessity of Disbelieving Thomas Jefferson Hogg." But the warning duly comes at last.

Perhaps that amiable, intelligent, and much-maligned lady, Queen Gertrude of Denmark, would alter her criticism on Polonius and say to Mr. Peck, "*Less matter with more art.*" He is certainly rather copious in quotation, and in those "accounts rendered" of actual books which have their proper places rather in elaborate criticism than in biography. One or two passages might, of course, be given from Mary Shelley's later novels to illustrate her early travels and experiences with Shelley; but perhaps hardly so many as actually appear. The indebtedness of "Queen Mab" to "Thalaba" and "Kehama" is so open and frank that it scarcely needs elaborate working out.

In the actual biography there is little fault to find. Mr. Peck, to his credit, does not follow those hopeless people who seem to think that they can whitewash Shelley by blackening Harriet. Whether he is equally fair to Mary is not so clear. He makes no definite attacks on her, but he seems not fully conscious of the wonderful tolerance which, being neither fool nor "doormat," she showed during her husband's life, and of her magnificent loyalty after his death. In fact, in one place he seems to agree in calling this loyalty "cold." But as he also attaches that epithet to the admitted "beauty" of "Adonais," they may pair off together. Still one does feel a perhaps Pecksniffian curiosity to see Mr. Peck's idea of a spiritual thermometer. On Godwin he is quite sound. Godwin, no contemptible man of letters, as a man always makes some of us think of an old Oxford prank in which some inhabitants of what Mr. Peck calls Christ Church College, annoyed by the habit which an eccentric junior student had of bathing at night in "Mercury," the fountain-basin of Tom Quad, are reported to have bought all the leeches, then freely "stocked," in all the chemists' shops, and put them in that pool. It would have been good to teach Godwin what bloodsucking meant in its strictly literal sense and in the passive voice.

Very full Appendices in Mr. Peck's second volume contain MS. variants on printed letters, further instalments of his favourite parallels from Monk Lewis, Medwin's curious and not contemptible report of Byron and Shelley on Hamlet; poor Place's experience of Godwin, &c., &c. Some of these, one supposes, either have been or will be incorporated in the "Julian" edition itself, of which since our last notice of it two other volumes have appeared. The first (II. of the whole) contains, with "Rosalind and Helen" (perhaps the least

interesting of all) and "Swellfoot the Tyrant" (an admitted failure before all courts of judgment), some of the greatest lyrics and the very cream of the cream of the larger finished pieces—"The Cenci," "Prometheus Unbound," "Epipsychidion," and "Adonais"—that "coldly beautiful" poetic volcano.

Of all this one might talk for ever, but it would be to talk out of place here. Volume III., starting with "Hellas," begins the fresh business of collecting all or as many as possible of the "finds" of the last eighty or ninety years and adding them to Mrs. Shelley's *textus receptus* of 1839. One cannot help wishing that the simple and by no means defacing plan had been adopted of asterisking these additions in the Contents, if not also at the headings of the separate pieces themselves. The editors, in their brief end-notes, have been careful to give the *provenance* of the newcomers, though they have not thought it necessary to give an *apparatus criticus* of various readings. Any careful taste will probably in most cases distinguish the later bottled vintages from "'39," but weaker folk might be helped by the plan suggested, and relieved from constantly turning to the end. Although the number if not the bulk of additions from Garnett and Dowden to Mr. Locock and from still unpublished matter which is (one rather regrets to see) far from exhausted, is pretty large, only two new pieces of much consequence appear—a curious but rather doubtfully Shelleyan ballad of a wicked young parson and his starving victims, mother and child, which has a curious likeness by anticipation (though it is in the roughest of first drafts) to Kingsley's "Bad Squire"; and a better but not strong "Celandine" poem. These may call for more notice when Volume IV., as promised, finishes the present draft of Byssian fish. Meanwhile, one weeps to see one more refusal or neglect of a suggested correction in punctuation of one of Shelley's most elect things—the "Lines written in Dejection near Naples"—which has been offered more than once or twice during the last half century. The received text runs:—

"I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star showers, thrown."

Now this, exquisite as is the picture which the words themselves call up, is, as *punctuated* we believe hitherto invariably, nonsense. You *can't* dissolve light in starshowers, which are in the technical sense "saturated" with light already. But you can, if you have the gift, imagine, and if you have the other gift, revel in the imagination of light dissolved *into* liquid (the curves of the wave with the light through it), and this "dissolved" light *can* be and would be "thrown in star-showers" as the crest crumbles and is cast on the beach. And Shelley, putting controversial matters entirely aside, did not talk nonsense of such other matters as waves and light. He saw as few have seen, and could tell what he saw as fewer have told. The shifting of the comma to "dissolved" sets his vision and his telling of it free, and the run of the rhythm as well.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

LIBERALISM IN EUROPE

History of European Liberalism. By GEIDO DE RUGGIERO. Translated by R. G. COLLINGWOOD. (Oxford University Press: Milford. 16s.)

PROFESSOR DE RUGGIERO's book falls into three parts. The first is a general historical Introduction: the second a narrative describing the career of Liberal principles in England, France, Germany, and Italy: the third a discussion of the prospects of Liberalism.

The Introduction traces the growth of Liberalism from the Reformation. In earlier times liberty is the body of privilege possessed by some group or class; a town or a guild holds a charter; liberty rests on contract between a prince and a special class or corporation. From the time of the Reformation and its stimulus to a new sense for individual right, liberty begins to assume its more modern meaning; Calvinism spread a passionate individualism, and since it was, as a rule, the religion of a minority it encouraged self-reliance and self-government. As the world passes from feudalism and scholasticism, this new spirit inspires religion, philosophy, and politics. It takes in the doctrine of natural rights, a form that is unsound historically, but even its



CHATTO & WINDUS

97 & 99, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2

POSSIBLE WORLDS

by J. B. S. Haldane

"A NEW book by the author of *Daedalus* is sure to be attractive. Mr. Haldane . . . always fastens on points which to me are interesting and significant; and if he enjoys shocking us, as he certainly does, it is much more amusing to be shocked than to be bored, or even to be edified."—*Dean Inge in The Evening Standard*. 7s. 6d. net.

By Charlotte Haldane

MOTHERHOOD & ITS ENEMIES. 6s. net.

SELECT TALES OF TCHEHOV

in Constance Garnett's translation

850 PAGES, with a frontispiece. "Another answer to the demand for cheaper and better literature. . . . This translation of Tchekhov is charming in its simple beauty."—*New Cambridge*. The perfect present. 7s. 6d. net.

PROPER STUDIES

by Aldous Huxley

A NEW collection of essays which show that Mr. Huxley is not only a novelist but a thinker of the first order. "The various chapters are examples of varied brilliance."—*Saturday Review*. "A remarkable book."—*Spectator*. "A vital contribution to modern thought."—*Illustrated London News*. "There is a lot of hard, clear, distinctive thinking in this volume, something to bite on."—*Arnold Bennett in The Evening Standard*. 7s. 6d. net.

THE WILD BODY

by Wyndham Lewis

STORIES. "The writing has an astonishingly vigorous precision. Mr. Lewis's originality reflects a mind alert, subtle, and powerful; and a mental force of this kind is precisely what is rare in fiction."—*Times Literary Supplement*. 7s. 6d. net.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

JOHN WEBSTER

Edited by F. L. Lucas

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THIS is the complete and definitive edition of the great Elizabethan dramatist, in 4 vols., purchasable separately, at 18s. net each. A full prospectus will be sent upon request. It is a monument of fine scholarship, and of first-rate literary interest. "Mr. Lucas has served two masters: the general reader and the student."—*The Times*.

By E. B. C. Jones (Mrs. F. L. Lucas) HELEN AND FELICIA 7s. 6d. net.

OUR MR. DORMER

by R. H. Mottram

THIS glorious story of a vanished nineteenth century England, in times of peace and prosperity, is in its Third large impression. "If he had never written *The Spanish Farm* this novel would have secured its author a place in literature among the best of his day."—*The Graphic*. 7s. 6d. net.

ARCHITECTURE

by A. L. N. Russell

"IT deals clearly with essentials and traces each style from its origin, finding in it an expression of life and of particular needs and limitations. The illustrations, some 60 photographs and ink drawings, are well chosen."—*The New Statesman*.

RIGHT OFF THE MAP

by C. E. Montague

"No one will put down this book without feeling that they have listened to a magic story told by a master spinner of words."—*Westminster Gazette*. "Fine and memorable."—*Sphere*. "One of the finest writers of our time."—*The Manchester Guardian*. Second large impression. 7s. 6d. net.

PICTURES AND PAINTING

by Margaret H. Bulley

"MISS BULLEY not only provides a vivid history of the art of painting, but expounds clearly and suggestively the meaning and purpose of art. Profusely illustrated by reproductions from the great masters."—*Education*. "Not only informative but attractive."—*Nation*.

THE two volumes marked ¶ are members of THE SIMPLE GUIDE series of handbooks, published at a uniform price of 7s. 6d. net, written clearly but authoritatively, which will, the publishers hope, provide when complete the basis of a liberal education. All are fully illustrated.

Already Published—

PREHISTORIC MAN by Keith Henderson.
THE HUMAN BODY by Trevor Heaton.

Shortly—

ENGLISH LITERATURE by Margharita Widdows.
MUSIC by Ursula Creighton.

illusions foster the sense for an infinite spiritual value in man which is the basis of liberalism. As the complexities of society grow and become more evident, the adjustment of individual claims becomes more difficult and complex. The history of Liberalism is the history of the struggle to make that adjustment successfully and to prevent mass power and mass thinking from overwhelming its fundamental doctrine. So soon as men begin to admire or trust the State as anything else except the organization of liberty, liberalism goes under.

As Professor De Ruggiero traces the fortunes of this philosophy in the different countries that he discusses, it becomes very clear that it is in England that liberalism has been most at home. He has a great admiration for the way in which liberalism here has continually adapted and enlarged its outlook, so that we pass from Bentham and the Manchester School to the wider range of Mill and Green, until we reach the atmosphere of twentieth-century Liberalism illustrated in the legislation of the Governments of Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith and the teaching of Professor Hobhouse, whom Professor De Ruggiero regards as its best exponent. For Professor De Ruggiero's individualism is far removed from that of Sir Ernest Benn. So long as we keep clear of the mistake of beginning at the State end and putting the individual in the background, he is ready to go a long way to meet the practical proposals of Socialists. In one passage, for example, he says that "the right to work and the right to a living wage are as real as the right to person and property. The labouring man who is unemployed or underpaid owing to bad economic organization is a reproach not to the charity but to the justice of society."

In his discussion of the fortunes of Liberalism De Ruggiero has some interesting and instructive contrasts. He emphasizes, for example, the difference it has made to Liberalism in England and France that in one country Liberalism preceded, whereas in the other it followed, democracy. He draws again a distinction between Italy and Western Europe that has a special significance to-day. In Western Europe, he argues, the idea of liberty as the privilege of a body that could withstand the prince predominated over the tradition of the Roman monistic State. In Italy, on the other hand, Roman tradition was much stronger and there are no institutions in her history corresponding to Estates General, Diets, and Parliaments. The Italian people never passed through this school. Hence democracy in Italy has always meant not an organized and permanent force, but "the piazza, dominated for the moment by a few political agitators, which reduces Cabinets to futility and creates the unforeseen fact." He describes Fascism as the "revival of the old police despotism modernized and degraded by co-operation with the demagogic despotism of the piazza." In the Risorgimento, Mazzini thought of democracy as he saw it in Western Europe and his passionate teaching was in one sense foreign and irrelevant to the experience and the circumstances of Italy. But the obstacles to Italian unity could only be removed by the assertion of the piazza democratic spirit. Professor De Ruggiero thinks that Italian unity was won with the help of this spirit, but that it would have perished at once if Cavour had not been able to use the opportunity for creating the stable State, which democratic enthusiasm was quite powerless to create. Italy, in her later history, illustrates the danger which Professor De Ruggiero thinks the chief danger to politics. For as the franchise was extended to a non-political populace, devoid of any training or any definite social or political individuality, politics degenerated into the art of buying electoral support at the expense of the State. "In spite of appearances, the political life of the country was not really diversifying itself into new and individual forms, but was undergoing a process of reduction to the colourless uniformity of dust." When war and its violent consequences challenged this State, it was made clear at once how little the Italian people had assimilated Liberalism. "From Bolshevism to Fascism, the annals of Italy have been strewn with morsels of undigested history: the factions of the Communi, the Condottieri and the princes, the grovelling servility of the viceregal period, the narrow views of absolutism, clerical hypocrisy, mob violence, the easy acquiescence of the Moderates, and many other things. After more than sixty years of existence as a single State, the Italian people is not yet an organic unity."

Italy is really the drunken helot of Professor De Ruggiero's argument. He looks on the Liberal State as the organization within which vitality and character can be fostered, and the economic life and its struggles can be kept from becoming the master force. He dreads those developments that make the State an instrument of power to be seized by this or that class for its own use and tyranny. But the broad spirit in which he interprets history is shown by his argument that Socialism served a great purpose in stimulating this essential vitality; the very quality that in some of its manifestations it threatens to-day. "If we remember the mean and inhuman harshness displayed by early nineteenth century Liberals towards the urgent social problems of their times, we cannot deny that Socialism, for all the defects of its ideology, has been an immense advance on the earlier individualism." "The economic gospel of Socialism," he says again, "acted like the first message of mind to a materialized world." Socialist teaching thus helped to make the workers an element and a force in a Liberal State. For a Liberal State is a State in which there is the maximum of independent life; in which quality, character, and initiative are not lost in the power of a tyranny whether of dictator class or mass. Professor De Ruggiero treats his theme as a philosopher; he does not lay out a programme or discuss problems in detail. His book should, for this reason, be read side by side with such a book as Professor Laski's "Grammar of Politics." It is full of ideas that will interest and instruct the historian and the politician.

J. L. HAMMOND.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

Letters of Madame de Sévigné. Selected, with an Introductory Essay, by RICHARD ALDINGTON. 2 vols. (Routledge, 21s.)

THE fears and prejudices to which the sight of this edition immediately gave birth were almost dispelled by Mr. Aldington's essay. The dread of finding a piece of extravagant "homage" to Madame de Sévigné was banished at once. Nothing could be farther from his tribute to her than the sentimental eulogy reserved for writers of the second rank by their friends and admirers. And, at least where he is concerned, he has modified an uncompromising attitude that it is better, on principle, to go to an edition of a work in ten volumes and read through one or only half of one of them, than to read a selection all through, however little shortened and well edited.

His disarming essay, only eighteen pages long, is the very essence of moderation and reasonableness. He observes the value and importance to us of the Letters, he gives the clearest outline of Madame de Sévigné's life, and a succinct account of contemporary society. He writes:—

"At present, one must admit, it looks as if Cellini's Autobiography had triumphed over Tasso's poems, the Memoirs of Saint-Simon over Racine, the Letters of Horace Walpole over Hume's Essays and Berkeley's Dialogues. But then the taste for Italian Cinquecento verse, for French classic tragedy, for half-obsolete philosophy in beautiful prose, is rather rare; while everybody is to some extent interested in human life. The historical gossip-book, such as the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, is neither pure art nor pure history, nor purely idle chit-chat, but is composed of all three . . . and a pronounced taste for them [books of this kind] may lead either to a more serious study of history or to a more extended enjoyment of the art of literature. A reprint of the bulk of Madame de Sévigné's letters in an early nineteenth-century translation, therefore, needs no apology."

This copious selection has been made from an edition which appeared in English in 1811. The translation is excellent. The footnotes are brief and to the point, and they have been supplemented by an appendix of additional notes, also extremely neat and useful, by Mr. A. L. Hayward. There are portraits of Madame de Sévigné and her daughter, Madame de Grignan; but of the pictures, two photographs, one of the Hôtel de Sévigné (now the Musée Carnavalet), and another of the Château de Grignan, are most fascinating.

It would be impertinent to speak of the Letters themselves. Madame de Sévigné seems to us neither as important nor as interesting to Englishmen as the splenetic Saint-Simon. But she finishes just about where he begins. He follows her in exquisite contrast, and they share the age between them.



IN a man's mind, as in a woman's heart, lives the instinct to create. But imagination, which is the beginning of all creative work, needs to be carefully tended. A pipe of tobacco is a fine stimulus, and a pipe of Three Nuns above all others. In the fragrant clouds liberated from its ingenious coils lurk ideas and inspirations that coyly invite capture. For its heart-easing flavour alone you will vow Three Nuns well worth the extra penny or so that must be paid for a tobacco of this mature quality.



THREE NUNS

The Tobacco of Curious Cut

1½

an ounce

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Glasgow. Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH

Should such a Faith Offend? Sermons and Addresses by the BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

The Way of Modernism, and Other Essays. By PROFESSOR BETHUNE BAKER. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

Report of the Anglo-Catholic Congress, 1927. (Society of SS. Peter and Paul. 7s. 6d.)

BISHOP PERCIVAL used to say that the only advantage of being a Bishop was that it gave a man a platform. It does; if he can use it. Not all Bishops do, or can. Dr. Barnes tells us of an undergraduate who, being asked his opinion of an episcopal sermon in his College Chapel, answered, "Inoffensive chatter." The epithet might have been less complimentary. Royer-Collard, when taxed with having called Guizot an "intrigant austère," replied "Est-ce que j'ai dit austère?" No one will describe Dr. Barnes's sermons as "chatter," and, if the CHURCH TIMES demurs to their being "inoffensive," well, with the preacher it is probably "a very small thing" that he should be judged of the CHURCH TIMES. For what he says wants saying. "Why don't you say it publicly?" a student at Swanwick once asked him; and, when he urged that he had often done so, the reply was, "Can't you say it a little louder? It would help so many of us." Here is the sufficient reason for his recent pronouncements. None could be more complete.

It has been argued that a Bishop should neither criticize nor condemn beliefs which may be lawfully held in the Church of England. Will anyone say this of Calvinism, or Chiliasm, or Non-resistance? The argument is a palpable sophism, advanced in the interests of an influential party which it is desired, for political reasons, not to offend. A Bishop should be "apt to teach." His administrative action is one thing; his teaching office another. To limit the latter to non-contentious subject matter is to make him a mere register of well-established opinions. Who would be a Bishop on such terms? "Shades of Athanasius and Augustine! not by such dexterous silences did you take your place among men memorable in the history of the Church."

Each of the great Movements which the English Church has either admitted or produced has left its traces on English religion. It is probable that no good man could have lived through any one of them and remained unaffected by it. Yet, important as they were, the student of English religion would give an imperfect account of it were he to confine his attention to the troubled surface waters. Below them the stream runs by its own impetus, with its own velocity, and in its own direction. And it is this silent stream that counts. It is because the surface froth and scum play so large a part in the Church of to-day that it has fallen to so great an extent out of touch with English life and mind. Bishop Barnes has a certain touch of eighteenth century sanity. What can be happier than his criticism of the so-called "Numinous" element in religion?

"I do not feel drawn to the suggestion with which some serious thinkers toy, that the Universe is, to our modes of thought, fundamentally irrational. It is one of my postulates of faith that what is rational to the Supreme Mind must also be rational to us. Abandon this faith, and you open floodgates through which every kind of superstition can pour to overwhelm the reasonable spiritual understanding which humanity has acquired slowly and preserves with difficulty. To the superstitious fanatic who does not wish to think, it may be comfortable to believe that God has so made us that we cannot think straight; but I doubt whether this belief will permanently commend itself to mankind."

The reader will recall Mill's outburst against Mansel's singularly repulsive form of Theism. "I will call no Being good who is not good in the sense in which I apply the term to my fellow creatures. And, if such a Being sends me to Hell for not doing so, to Hell I will go."

The so-called "Gorilla" sermon is included in this volume. The fact that this sermon was preached to public-school boys has given scandal. Such scandal is confined to those to whom the mind of the intelligent schoolboy is a closed book. To no congregation could the sermon have been more properly addressed. The distinctive note of such controversial criticism as that which Bishop Barnes has encountered is its *suppressio veri*. Who would suppose that the preacher who urged his hearers to "distrust special pleading," and to "shun the man who approaches them

with some semi-magical nostrum," said, in the same breath, "Remember that behind all the new knowledge the fundamental issues of life will remain veiled. You cannot ignore these issues and fully live."

Professor Bethune Baker is one of the few living English theologians, and the fact that he seldom takes a direct part in controversy gives his occasional intervention special weight. His book is a study of method.

"Modernism stands out perhaps most clearly as a new method; system it never has been; a method intended to find a way by which all the knowledge of the day could be legitimized in the Church."

And this method is vital and organic. After describing Bishop Gore as at once—

"one of the most persuasive exponents of some convictions that all Christians share, and one of the most competent apologists of lost theological causes that I know," the Professor adds, "I do not like his inanimate metaphors, with all the fixity they imply, when we are dealing with living human hearts and minds, and the religious interpretations of live human experience. They do not correspond with anything we know of the processes of life and personality in any of its manifestations and expressions which we can observe."

In the Report of the recent Anglo-Catholic Congress we pass into another climate; but its documentary value is high. It is outspoken in the extreme. If the Reservation of the Sacrament were demanded in the interests of the sick, few would oppose it. But this is not the case; and, as usual, the Die-hards are more honest than "safe" men. "Adoration—that is the first and last word about our attitude in the Presence of the Holy Sacrament reserved," and, "it may be necessary under present conditions to call ourselves Anglo-Catholics; I think it is. But I am sure we shall be wise to write the 'Anglo' very small, and the 'Catholic' as large as possible." One wishes to speak with respect of those who think and feel in this way. But the unfortunate Church of England finds herself in the plight of Rebekah when "two children struggled together within her," and she said, "If it be so, wherefore do I live?" The answer was—

"Two nations are in thy womb."

And the one people shall be stronger than the other people."

The fitter of the two must survive.

A. F.

THE LETTERS OF VAN GOGH

The Letters of Vincent van Gogh, written to his brother, 1872-1886. 2 vols. (Constable. 63s.)

THESE two solid volumes printed on loaded art paper are rather heavy slabs to lay on Van Gogh's reputation. It is a little doubtful whether it will stand much more of the same kind. And yet the two volumes only bring us to the eve of Van Gogh's arrival in Paris in 1886, and it was in Paris that the chrysalis first began to expand into the flamboyant figure which we know already so well. To understand that figure we need no doubt some account of the curious underground, grublike existence of the preceding years in Holland, but our main interest must always be concentrated on the developments of those few hectic years which preceded his suicide. There is nothing in these letters at all comparable in interest to those fascinating letters in Van Gogh's peculiar bad French addressed to his artist friends in Paris during his stay at Arles. In fact, although the relation between the two brothers was one of extraordinary affection and devotion, one feels that Vincent, however vehemently he asserts himself, however frankly he criticizes, was always a little conscious of the moral superiority of Theodore, on whose unflinching generosity he had always to rely.

Even the letters to Theodore, then, are not completely represented here; there are 458 out of a total of more than 650, and, as has been noticed, it is these later ones that bring us the clearest revelation. They have already appeared in Dutch and German. The present English translation was made by Theodore's widow, Mme. J. van Gogh-Bonger. Without knowing the originals it is difficult to say how well their style and personal quality are reproduced, but they are not exactly easy to read in their English dress. It is difficult to understand a man who constantly apostrophises his brother as "lad," and ends with "a hearty handshake in thought." The main impression one gets is of the strange brooding

THORNTON
BUTTERWORTH
BOOKS

Sketches of Vanishing China

A. H. HEATH

A book of travel to many places in China almost inaccessible to the European. Mr. Heath is a water-colourist of talent and twenty-four of his paintings are reproduced and specially mounted.

Beautifully Illustrated.

30s. net



To Book-Collectors

MESSRS. SOTHERAN would put themselves at the service of Collectors or Students who are in want of books, of which they will endeavour to find and report particulars and price, without any obligation to the inquirer. This applies to foreign as well as English books, and also to newly-published Continental books, both in Literature and Science.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,

140 STRAND, W.C.2, and 43 PICCADILLY, W.1
Telegraphic and Telephone: (Strand) Central 1515.
Cable Address: (Piccadilly) Gerrard 774.
Bookmen, London.

The Books to buy for **ALL** your Christmas Gifts
are to be found in

A. & F. DENNY'S
New Illustrated Catalogue.

This includes the latest of everything, and in addition four pages of Remainders and a selection of First Editions of Modern Authors.

A Copy will be sent post free on receipt of address.

A. & F. DENNY, LTD., 163a, Strand, W.C.2.
(Opposite Bush House)

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT A BOOK.

LAMLEY & CO.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BOOK SHOP (near S.K. Station).
1, 3 & 5 EXHIBITION ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.7

BOOKS FOR STUDENTS AND BOOKLOVERS.
BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Christmas Catalogues of New and Old Books now ready.

The FACADE By Douglas Goldring

(Author of "Nobody Knows" and "Cuckoo.") The author holds a mirror up to present-day life and gives a realistic impression of "love among the artists" in this period of disillusion and experiments. We are taken from London to Sweden via Montparnasse. "The plot is a triumph of irony . . . vividly interesting."—*John o' London's*. "Work of the most unquestionable ability."—*Sketch*. "His satire is both amusing and intelligent."—*The Nation*. "Brilliantly handled."—*Western Mail*. "Well worth reading." Its main characters live."—*Westminster Gaz.*

Of all Booksellers. 7s. 6d. net

JARROLD (Publishers), London, Ltd., E.C.4

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

FROM KEW OBSERVATORY

TO SCOTLAND YARD

by EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR W. C. COUCH C.I.D

In this book Ex-Chief Inspector Gough has given us a work that will interest not only the ardent criminologist, but the average reader who has little idea of criminals and their methods. "Makes very good reading indeed."—*Daily Mail*. "A racy book of reminiscences."—*Evening News*. "Excellent told."—*Daily Express*. "An entertaining volume."—*Saturday Review*.

In one large handsome volume, with a frontispiece. 18s. net

FAMOUS AMERICAN POISON

MYSTERIES

by EDWARD H. SMITH

(Author of "Mysteries of the Missing," etc.). In this work the author describes some of the most sensational poisoning crimes committed by Americans. The cases are well selected, for each one possesses some striking feature. "A very entertaining volume."—*Westminster Gazette*. "First-rate crime stories."—*John o' London's*. "Cannot fail to thrill or instruct . . . an authoritative work."—*Western Mail*. Bound in cloth, with a frontispiece. 18s. net

With PAVLOVA Round the World

by THEODORE STIER

"Something more than a record of triumphal progress. It is a vivid picture of a great artist, temperamental and autocratic, passionately devoted to her art and in all that concerns it a stern taskmaster."—*D. Mail*. "A capital mélange of travel, gossip and good stories."—*Star*. "The book is as full of good stories as any published during recent years."—*D. Chron.* "Delightfully intimate picture of the great dancer."—*Tatler*. Profusely illustrated. 18s. net

THE SALAD BOWL (2nd Edition)

by ARTHUR LAMBTON

(Author of "My Story," etc.). "Full of appetising stories."—*Weekly Dispatch*. "Well worth tasting."—*S. Hales News*. "Fragrant ingredients."—*Daily Chronicle*. "Written with sprightliness and ability."—*Daily Mail*. "Innumerable anecdotes . . . an amazingly frank piece of work."—*Daily Express*. "Cunningly mixed."—*Northern Whig*. With 18 half-tone illustrations. 18s. net

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY

Edited by ALFRED SPENCER

The period covered by these memoirs of a man of fashion is from 1749-1803. Interesting sidelights on the life and customs of the following countries are given: England, France, Holland, Portugal, East India, China, and West Indies. The author has an alert capacity for enjoying himself in any situation. His adventures are a source of perpetual enjoyment to the reader, owing to their frankness, while they make the past live again, so vivid and genuine are they. First three vols. in cloth gilt, 15s. Last volume, 21s.

ONE WORLD—AT A TIME

by BERNARD HAMILTON

(Author of "The Giants," etc.). The object in writing this book is to show that a future life is demonstrable; and that the spiritual world is as real as the physical world. "An absorbing book . . . written in a simple, friendly style."—*Sunday Express*. "Absorbingly interesting."—*B'ham Gaz. & Exp.* With a frontispiece. 15s. net

CEYLON

Past and Present

by MAJOR C. M. ENRIQUEZ

(Author of "Malaya: Its People, Flora and Fauna.") This is a book that will be welcomed by all who are interested in Ceylon and its history. It is readably written, never being dull or tedious, yet it has fact and not fiction as its foundation. "One of the best books ever written about Ceylon."—*L'pool Dly. Courier*. "The many photographs are excellent."—*West. Gaz.* "Very readable treatise."—*D. Telegraph*. "A well illustrated volume that is never tedious."—*Aberdeen Press & Jnl.* "There are many books on Ceylon, but few that surpass this work for trustworthy information . . . sustained interest."—*Manchester Guardian*. With numerous illustrations. 21s. net

HURST & BLACKETT, Ltd., London, E.C.4

intensity of Vincent's overpowering egoism. No trace of humour ever mitigates the deadly earnestness of his reflections. He is almost always alone, he could rarely get on for long even with chance acquaintances. He is always misunderstood, and he is always proving to himself how right he has been, always insisting that others ought to see how unjust or inconsiderate they have been. This egoism is, of course, not a selfish or mean one. Vincent is deeply Christian, he wants to serve God and humanity; only the purity of his passion makes him nearly always disagreeable and always impossible. His heart is burning with love, but, as he complains, no one comes to warm themselves at the fire. He is always misunderstood, even by Theodore; he has always to justify himself. The trouble is that in reality he never forgets himself—this burning desire for service, which makes him train himself as an evangelist and then go to live in abject misery in a mining village, is only part of his system of self-perfection. He is always entirely sincere; he tries to be perfectly honest; he admits his own failings, but he is always self-centred. It was the energy and desperation of this egoism which finally made him the feverish creator of images, made him persist with such desperate zeal and application, made him accomplish so much more than seemed possible, but which at the same time condemned all those images to be only different versions of the same limited theme, his own personality, and it was this which, when it clashed with another egoism, as obstinate as, and far harder than, his own, drove him to insanity and suicide.

The story is so poignant that we may be grateful for any documents which illustrate it, but it is regrettable that they could not have been provided in a more palatable form than we have here.

ROGER FRY.

PORTRAITS AND PLACES

Cloud-Capp'd Towers. By REGINALD, VISCOUNT ESHER. (Murray. 15s.)

The Other Bundle. By LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE. Illustrated. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

BOTH Lord Shaw and Lord Esher in these volumes look out upon the world—mainly of the past—from the comparatively static vantage-point of what the former calls the Reflective Age; both look back to lives active and fully occupied; both retain some sympathy with and a vigorous interest in the modern scene; and both, though in varying degree, set their reminiscences to some extent against a background of famous English and Scottish houses. There the resemblance ends; the two books are as different in mood as they are in matter. Lord Esher is dignified, restrained, almost austere; Lord Shaw is friendly, intimate, almost jolly—his "bundle" is made up of miscellaneous chapters reprinted from a number of plebeian sources. He has known some famous men in his day, but he is frequently content to tell of very small fry, such as judges, poisoners, or even literary men. Lord Esher's catches, on the other hand, are invariably big fish.

For he was born to greatness, and upon greatness he has ever since been thrust. As a boy he was the frequent guest of William, Earl of Lonsdale at Lowther Castle (a "Regency household" still). He was at Eton in the palmy sixties, and left Trinity to become private secretary to Lord Hartington during his years of leadership of the Liberal Party. He moved in the highest social circles and visited at all the great houses in a day when Society was still "very distinguished" and much more exclusive than of recent years ("Anybody who was anybody was to be seen at Grosvenor House; and nobody who was nobody crossed its threshold"); he knew intimately Lord and Lady Ripon in their home life at Studley Royal, received the confidences of Disraeli at Hughenden ("I never trouble to be avenged, but, when a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous how men I have thus labelled have a knack of disappearing"), and was one of the "selected companions" of King Edward, with whom he was continuously in contact at more than one critical period. Many well-known names—of the social and political worlds mainly—appear in his pages, and some of his personal studies, notably of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Disraeli, "Harty-Tarty," and Ripon, are as carefully drawn as are

his dignified backgrounds. These estimates, based upon personal observation, necessarily have interest, but their historical value is doubtful. Lord Esher is sincere, but is his judgment unbiased by loyalties of class and friendship? He gives an impression of himself as a man behind the scenes, a wielder of "unacknowledged influence"—was he as much behind them as perhaps he imagined? Is there not a confusion of values in his eulogy of those statesmen belonging to

"a class who were as much at home in a gallop over Leicestershire pastures as in a stroll through the Division lobbies; a class that could send to India a Viceroy, like Rolly Melgund, straight-hearted and gallant, who negotiated with careless ease the fences at Aintree and treaties with the Ameer of Afghanistan; a class that, in more recent years, produced a Prime Minister—Lord Rosebery—who, if he failed to lead the heterogeneous Party at his back, succeeded in leading in a Derby winner"?

And, again, is one really supposed to accept seriously the theory of King Edward's regeneration from

"the day when he led into the saddling enclosure at Epsom his first Derby winner. . . . In years the Prince was long past middle life. But age fell away from him. He lost a weary look that his friends had begun to note with anxiety. The aura of coming Kingship flickered about him"?

In his last chapter Lord Esher very ably defends "the Victorians" against their critics—would he deny that they were sadly lacking, some of them, in a sense of proportion?

The contents of Lord Shaw's volume—a companion to the "Letters to Isabel," published six years ago—are really so various as to make criticism impossible. There are reminiscences of schooldays, Scottish life sixty years ago, law trials, great judges, pre-war politics, "pioneering" work for the League of Nations, holidays in Spain and in Canada, whale-fishing in the Straits of Gibraltar, and Sir Francis Carruthers Gould and Lord Morley. There are also some surprisingly sympathetic comments upon modern literature and modern science. The one constant element is the personality of Lord Shaw himself, and that, one imagines, few will not welcome with pleasure. On the other hand, many will regret that he cannot (for he says he cannot) come nearer than this to formal autobiography. Lord Esher's book seems built against time; Lord Shaw's pages appear too often to have been scribbled as though he accepted beforehand a verdict of hasty oblivion. Yet some will find the latter, for all that they have to tell of a much less rarefied atmosphere, certainly not less permanently interesting and attractive than the former.

PROPAGANDA

Propaganda Technique in the World War. By HAROLD D. LASSWELL. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)

To deceive has always been an integral part of war. Only in the last war, however, has it been recognized as the most important and difficult branch of strategy. In a world where the relevant knowledge is always second-hand, where we act at all times in response to an artificially erected picture of events and people of whom we can know little or nothing directly, the opportunities for deception, scientifically adjusted to conditions, are apparently almost unlimited.

Gift Books

The best selection of Christmas Gift Books is to be seen at the local Branch of W. H. SMITH & SON.



1250 BOOKSHOPS & BOOKSTALLS IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Head Office: Strand House, London, W.C.2.

PEACE ON EARTH

Goodwill to Men

Prove your goodwill to the men who made peace possible, thousands of whom are now without even the means of livelihood.

Save a shilling or two from your Christmas purse to assist Lord Haig to help deserving ex-Service men, their dependents and the widows and orphans of those who fell in the Great War

Can you enjoy your Christmas merry-making if you know that you have left unmade that small sacrifice that would help us to make Christmas a happy one for others too?

3 *ways in which you can help to ensure a Happy Xmas and a fresh start in the New Year for disabled, unemployed and distressed ex-Service Men*

- 1** Send a donation—a cheque or a few shillings spared from your Christmas shopping—to Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund.
- 2** Join the Great War Remembrance League, particulars of which will be sent on request.
- 3** Send some discarded clothing—men's, women's or children's—for the use of some ex-Service man, his dependents, widow or orphans.

Send now to Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E.,
Organising Secretary

EARL HAIG'S
British Legion
APPEAL FUND

DEPT. 69

26 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1

Since the war, therefore, specialists in the art of deception have boasted of their success in every allied country, while in Germany their unsuccessful competitors have denounced them as the authors of all evil, and students have produced elaborate dissertations on the theory and practice of propaganda as a whole. Mr. Lasswell is the first to attempt a general survey in English and the result is a book of great merit which everyone who wishes to understand modern society should read. The quantity of evidence is now very large, but he has arranged it well and documented it adequately without a suffocation of footnotes. It is impossible for an author to deal with such a subject without expressing some personal feelings, and Mr. Lasswell would perhaps have done better on some occasions if he had not made so strenuous an attempt to be "scientific." The result is that, speaking as a "technician," he occasionally seems to approve of some particularly efficient lie, of which, speaking as a human being a little later, he cannot help expressing disgust. This, of course, is really to say that he does not, and perhaps cannot in a short book, deal with the philosophic side of his problem and discuss the ethics of lying in war-time and the relation of truth to social organization as a whole. The question constantly obtrudes itself—How can a society hold together which is founded on an ignorance and emotionalism so gross as this? These problems, however, were not M. Lasswell's in this book, and, if he cannot escape all personal opinions, he succeeds to a great extent in avoiding the one bias which would have made his book valueless—the national one. He discusses the various methods of organizing propaganda adopted among the belligerents, and finally disposes of the oddest of delusions, that the Germans were particularly clever. The Army authority was too strong to permit of a strong Ministry of Propaganda, and, in any case, as liars the Germans were incomparably less efficient than the Allies. Mr. Lasswell shows the methods adopted on each side to build up a Satanist view of the enemy, to cultivate the illusion that victory was always just within reach if a little more energy was exerted, to win the favour of neutral countries, and preserve the "morale" at home, while "demoralizing" the enemy. To have a good "morale" means strenuously to accept a set of obvious lies; to be "demoralized" means to doubt them and to exercise individual thought. This is why it is in some respects better to belong to a defeated than to a morale-sound and therefore victorious nation. Unfortunately the victor dictates the peace, and owing to the excellence of his morale the peace he makes is of such a kind that the vanquished finds new and excellent reasons for believing all the lies which he had formerly begun to doubt. They are all here—these stale appeals and well-worn atrocities, trotted out, a little high with keeping, but effective again on each side in every war. It is good to have them dissected and explained. A generation which is brought up to recognize each type of lie is less likely to have a good "morale," and for a really "demoralized" nation there is always hope.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Sirocco. By ROSITA FORBES. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Forbes is an expert in passion; but we soon perceive that the more a man displays his passion, the less likely he is to be the hero, the husband for Anne. Chakowsky, the Russian prince, the crack rifle shot, the dress designer, has the grip of a bear and a loose mouth full of kisses; Harrison, the self-made financier, swoons in the aphrodisiac desert through thwarted desire for Anne; but Brin d'Erescourt, her neighbour in Midshire, her equal in blood and tradition, never makes love to her, and it is Brin she marries. From the London of smart millinery shops, where the aristocratic Anne works in order to see life, everyone goes out to North Africa and has adventures in the region of French military outposts. The story is lively and exciting. Anne's sense of belonging to her Midshire acres is a good touch.

Nothing So Blue. By ELMA NAPIER. (Cayme Press. 7s. 6d.)

As a travel writer, Mrs. Napier has some charm, but barely more than just enough to support her book. And charm is

necessary for this writing, which is not a narrative of exploration having an appeal apart from style, but sketches of journeys in different, not particularly out of the way, parts of the world. In the first section, she describes her wanderings among the Pacific islands in the region of Tahiti; then she writes of a steamer trip up a river in Cochinchina; in Australia she gallops over the Bush; and lastly, she depicts little scenes and events here and there: in a farm on the French coast, her engagement of a servant in Perth, Australia. She has some good touches. There is an account of a cinema show in Indo-China. "We had come to the limbo of forgotten films, where current events re-emerge as History."

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE Cayme Press have published two well-produced reprints of out-of-the-way books. One is "The New Bath Guide," by Christopher Anstey, which dates from 1766 (10s. 6d.); the other is "The History of the Intrigues and Gallantries of Christina, Queen of Sweden," reprinted from the edition of 1697 (450 numbered copies, £1 11s. 6d.).

"Fifty Years of Romance and Research," by Charles Hose (Hutchinson, 30s.), relates the author's experiences during a lifetime spent in Sarawak. "The Glorious Adventure," by Richard Halliburton (Bles, 16s.), tells of travels in the footsteps of Odysseus from Iraq to Ithaca. "The Voyage of the Caroline," by Rosalie Hare, with additional chapters by Ida Lee (Longmans, 15s.), consists mainly of a diary of a voyage in 1827-1828.

Messrs. Holden publish "The Life and Letters of Admiral Cornwallis," by G. Cornwallis-West (30s.).

Messrs. P. S. King begin their "Sign-Post Series" (2s. 6d. each) with "Civic Health and Welfare," by Anne R. Caton and Marian Berry, and "Social Insurance," by Evelyn Martelli.

A new volume in "The Great Scientists Series" is "The Great Physicists," by Ivor B. Hart (Methuen, 3s. 6d.).

PLAYER'S

No. 3

Virginia Cigarettes

**What a difference
the extra quality
makes!**

IN PACKETS

10 for 8^d.

20 for 1/4

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

Also in ½ lb. Card Boxes at 5/-

3P305.

To People of Goodwill

A GREAT opportunity of helping the people of Russia, and attempting to dissolve the atmosphere of misunderstanding between the two countries is presented by a scheme to establish

A MODEL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

Nursing in Russia is lamentably backward, resulting in much suffering. The scheme has been worked out by representatives of the Society of Friends (Quakers) in England and America with the agreement of the Russian Health Department and the instruction and supervision will be in the hands of qualified Friends.

By means of this Scheme a revolution in nursing may be effected to the benefit of many sufferers.

Towards the £5,000 which Friends are endeavouring to raise in Great Britain over £1,000 has been subscribed. Further gifts or promises are urgently needed.

MUCH DEPENDS IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS ON SUCH NON - POLITICAL EFFORTS.

Send your gifts or promises, earmarked "Nursing in Russia," to:-

The Friends' Service Council,

Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

S.O.S. CAPTAIN SIR BEACHCROFT TOWSE, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind (Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920), sends the following personal Christmas Message to all with eyesight—

Twenty Seven years without sight have weakened my writing but strengthened my knowledge. And I know that if only these few words of mine can reach your hearts the Blind will get the help they so urgently need this Christmas. I beg you to send me a Donation.

S. B. C. Towns

Address: CAPT. SIR BEACHCROFT TOWSE, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., 228, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

LORD SHAW

of Dunfermline

The Other Bundle

"It is a kindly and a noble message which is given us in this book—Be strong, be sane, be simple, and you shall endure." *Public Opinion* "Sense, toleration, strength, these qualities pervade."—*Times* "Some excellent first-hand accounts of famous trials . . . apart from politics, it is kindly and a noble message which is given us in this book."—*Westminster Gazette* "A delightful book of Memories."—*Daily Express* "A delight to read."—*Guardian* "Wise and witty."—*Daily Dispatch* "Enlivened by shrewd comments of life and literature."—*Daily Mail* Illustrated. 18s. net

CYNTHIA ASQUITH

The Black Cap

A Compilation of New Murder and Mystery Stories by

SIR J. M. BARRIE	L. P. HARTLEY
BARRY PAIN	W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
D. H. LAWRENCE	HUGH WALPOLE
ARTHUR MACHEN	ELIZABETH BOWEN
MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES	OLIVER ONIONS
W. B. MAXWELL	SHANE LESLIE
EDGAR WALLACE	CYNTHIA ASQUITH

"No volume of the kind has ever comprised a greater number of world-famous names than this striking collection of new stories of murder and mystery. 'Shall we join the ladies?' by SIR JAMES BARRIE is also here published for the first time."—*Daily Mirror* 7s. 6d. net

Send card for Specimen Xmas No. "THE BOOK-LOVER." POST FREE.

HUTCHINSON

& Co. (Publishers), Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4
Also Publishers of HUTCHINSON'S MAGAZINE, 1/- Monthly

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

DISARMAMENT

Documents of the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference entrusted with the Preparation for the Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments.

SERIES IV.

Minutes of the 3rd Session of the Commission held at Geneva from March 21st to April 26th, 1927.
C. 310. M. 109. 1927. IX. 5.
12s. net.

MINORITIES.

Protection of Linguistic, Racial, and Religious Minorities by the League of Nations.
Provisions contained in the various international instruments at present in force.

C.L. 110. 1927. 1. Annex 1.
1927. 1. B. 2.
6s. net.

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

10-12 ORANGE ST. W.C.2.

PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

ON DECEMBER 22nd, Two Lectures will be given in the GREEN SALON, 40, Chandos Street, Charing Cross.
"PSYCHOLOGY," at 3.45; and
"NEURASTHENIA," at 6.15 p.m., by Eustace Miles, M.A.
Admission 1s. each Lecture.

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT, LINDSEY HALL, THE MALL, NOTTING HILL GATE. Dr. Walter Walsh. Sunday, at 11.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"BLACK" OPALS. Fiery Opals, lovely colours. Opal Specimens Direct from Australia. Low Prices. Lists free.—N. Seward, Optician, Melbourne, Australia.

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

GILT-EDGED STRENGTH—PREMIUM BONDS—HUDSON'S BAY.

THE strength of gilt-edged securities at the present time is remarkable because it is unseasonal. Towards the end of the year there is often "tightness" in the money market, and "window-dressing" by banks and other financial houses often leads to temporary dullness in those stocks which reflect the money market position. But the strength of the sterling-dollar exchange has made the difference. At first opinion in the City was inclined to attribute this feature to a postponement of the financing on this side of the cotton crop and other American commodities which at this time of the year usually act as a drain on our resources. There is, however, no sign that we have still to make allowance for this factor. On the contrary, genuine shipments of gold from America to this country seem to be a probability of the near future. By "genuine" we mean that the shipments reported up to the present have been questioned because the gold import point had not actually been touched. It is suggested in some quarters that the publicity obtained by any bank which ships a million dollars of bullion from America to England might well make such a transaction a cheap and effective advertisement. In any case ease of money on this side of the Atlantic seems a possibility in the first months of the coming year. In consequence the gilt-edged market is good and the Palestine Loan, Port of London Authority 5 per cent. Stock, and other new issues of that character will probably go a point or so higher.

In the three or four months before Budget day the cranks begin to air their pet financial schemes. The latest idea is that the annual burden of interest on the national debt would be lessened by the issue of premium or bonus bonds. The cranks in this case are no other than a section of the Conservative Party—Colonel Gretton, Sir Frank Nelson, Captain Cazalet, and Dr. Vernon Davies. These gentlemen have addressed a letter to every Conservative member in the House of Commons in which they say: "The heaviest item in public expenditure is the service of the National Debt. Conversions so far have effected only small savings, and whilst the present conditions prevail there is little prospect of effecting the very large conversions due in the near future on terms which will afford any substantial relief to the taxpayer unless new methods are adopted. It has been suggested that a very large number of people would be willing to invest in a Government gilt-edged security at a low rate of interest if there were an annual or bi-annual drawing of the bonds with substantial cash prizes to the bearers of the bonds so drawn. As for example: A total subscription of £500,000,000; annual interest at 2 per cent., £10,000,000; annual interest at present Government borrowing rate of $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., £23,750,000; difference of £13,750,000—cash prizes, sinking fund expenses, &c., to be deducted—say, £5,000,000 at most, leaving a net saving to Exchequer of £8,750,000."

It is strange that any section of the Conservative Party should be so ignorant of financial conditions in the City as to imagine that such a scheme is practicable. It is impossible to raise £500,000,000 at only 2 per cent., because the big financial institutions, who alone have funds sufficient to take even half that amount, would be put off by the low rate of interest. No bank, no trust company, and no insurance company can afford to invest their funds at 2 per cent. interest. If one excludes these sources, who would subscribe? The classes of investors who subscribe to greyhound racing or any other gambling issues? But these are not the investors with "big" money. Indeed it is probable that the masses could not absorb even five million pounds of "bonus" bonds without utilizing Post Office Savings Bank deposits which carry interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. To the extent that Post Office Savings Bank deposits

were withdrawn, or new deposits not made, the Government would not save in interest at all since premium bonds at 2 per cent. plus expenses and prizes would cost the Government at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The promoters of this scheme of "frenzied finance" seem to have in mind two types of "bonus" bonds which are issued on the Continent. In Spain the Government conducts State lotteries. There is no interest paid on subscriptions: just the lucky numbers draw a prize. Are the finances of Great Britain in such low water that the expedient of State lotteries can be seriously considered? Another type of bonus bond is issued in France. Here are some recent examples:—

- (1) Bons du Tresor 7 per cent. 1926, of 500fr. (free of French tax). Repayable in 10 years at 525fr., either by purchase on the market or by drawings—if by purchase only a portion of the bonds to be so paid off. Issued at 460—present price 540.
- (2) Bons du Tresor 7 per cent. 1927, of 500fr. (free of French tax). Repayable in 15 years at 550fr., either by drawings or by purchase—if by purchase only a portion of the bonds to be so paid off. The Government have the right to pay off after February 1st, 1932, the whole of the bonds in circulation at the price of 500fr. plus a proportionate premium. Issued at 462.50—present price 542.
- (3) French Rente 6 per cent. 1927 (free of French tax). Repayable at 150 per cent. in 50 years by drawings in March and September. The Government have the right to pay off the loan after May 1st, 1931, at par plus a proportionate premium. Issued at par—present price 99.
- (4) Departement de l'Aisne (free of French tax), 1927. Issue of 218,088. Obligations of 500fr. Interest 7 per cent. Repayable in 20 years by yearly drawings at 600fr. Coupons due February 15th, August 15th. Issued at 477.50—present price 545.
- (5) Issue of 1,000,000fr. Obligations Communales 7 per cent. 1927. Bonds of 500fr. repayable in 30 years by yearly drawings at 600fr. Issued at 465—present price 458.

The mainstay of French bonus bonds repayable at attractive premiums is that approximately the market rate of interest is paid. The French Government is merely offering a prize on redemption to get investors to subscribe to their loans. There is no occasion for the British Government to emulate that example because British Government credit stands high. There is, therefore, no precedent for the type of Government bonus bond that Colonel Gretton, Captain Cazalet, and their friends are proposing. The scheme, as they have outlined it, is, we believe, quite impracticable.

We anticipated some weeks ago in THE NATION that the interim dividend of the Hudson's Bay Company would be reduced. In the previous year out of the trading account an interim of 10 per cent. was paid and the final passed. Out of the land account 10 per cent. free of tax was paid. This year the interim dividend out of trading account is $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the directors take the unusual course of stating that they have reason to believe the total distribution this year will be at the same rate as last. The shares have improved to $4\frac{3}{4}$, at which the yield on last year's basis is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Some criticism of the Company's management has recently been passed which no doubt prompted the directors to make this statement, but it is surely an unsound practice for directors to estimate the rate of dividend to be declared for a year six months before it is completed. A company should be certainly encouraged to give shareholders information as to the current rate of earnings or even an estimate of profits for the remainder of the year, but if speculative concerns not of the standing of Hudson's Bay were to follow the lead of the Hudson's Bay directors some dangerous results might follow.

rn-
ds
he

”
ich
on-
ip-
he
ex-
d?
are

uch
ur-
ase
ied

uch
w-
of
the
of
s a
ent

ix).
in
the
par
ent

sue
ent.
Ofr.
at

ent.
arly
8.

rac-
of
fer-
to
ern-
ent
for
on,
The
uite

that
ould
ling
inal
tax
ling
sual
otal
ast.
last
the
hieh
ent,
nate
nths
inly
cur-
the
t of
d of
ight